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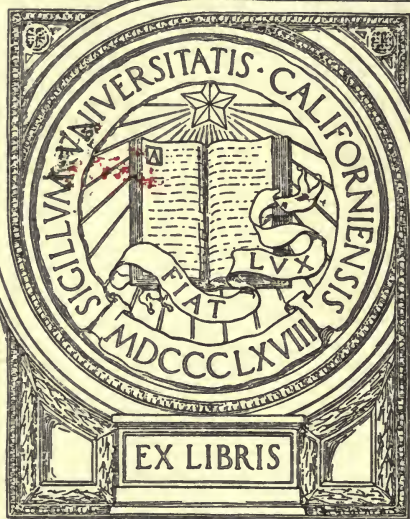
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MONROE'S FOURTH READER



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"IN SWANAGE BAY."—Page 220.

THE
FOURTH READER.

BY
LEWIS B. MONROE,
DEAN OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ORATORY.



PHILADELPHIA:
E. H. BUTLER & Co.

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PREFACE.

WHATEVER other office a reading-book should serve in a school-room, we believe all are agreed that one of its main purposes is to teach articulation and pronunciation—the utterance of language. We have local faults and peculiarities of pronunciation, or “provincialisms,” in every section of the land. Besides these, the constant influx into this country of foreigners from every nation upon the earth has a tendency to corrupt our speech. Foreign adults learn the language imperfectly, and speak it with a brogue or accent. Where they form a large proportion of the population—as is the case in many localities—their blemishes and defects are copied by children, until in whole communities the language becomes perverted. The school-room is almost the only place where a remedy can be applied. We have presented, therefore, in the Introduction to this book, the best means of which we have any knowledge for correcting these defects, and stemming the tide which would drift our noble language from its moorings. A guide is given for the formation of every vowel and consonant, by figures and diagrams illustrating the position of the organs of speech required for each.

In carrying out this idea, we have been fortunate in securing the coöperation of Mr. A. Graham Bell, whose wonderful success in teaching deaf-mutes to speak has afforded the most striking demonstration of the merits of this physiological system of instruction. Educators who may wish to study the subject still more closely, and learn all the possibilities of the organs, are referred to the volume entitled *Visible Speech*, by Prof. A. Melville Bell.

We trust that the method of teaching the meaning of words through the “exercises” at the end of the lessons will commend itself to teachers, and that they will enlarge very much upon the plan thus indicated. The repetition of formal definitions rarely leaves any impression upon a child’s mind. Words are tools: by *using* them we find out what they are good for; but telling their purpose, instead of working with them, does little to increase their usefulness in our hands.

L. B. M.

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TO TEACHERS.

THE natural mode of acquiring language is through the ear. If a child should hear nothing but correct pronunciation, he would pronounce correctly, even though he might not attend school or have special instruction in language for a day. But unfortunately he imitates the defects quite as much as the merits of those to whom he listens. In the course of a few years the habits of the organs of speech become fixed, the ear is less impressible, and the individual retains the faults early acquired.

The remedy is to substitute a conscious, intelligent use of the organs for the instinctive action which is natural. If a syllable is mispronounced, it is because the organs of speech are placed in a wrong position. The pupil must be taught to observe the action of the tongue and lips, and to substitute the right position for the wrong one.

The following examples will illustrate this:

Substitution of t or d for th.—A child says *tree* for *three*, *wid* for *with*, *fader* for *father*. This is because the tip of the tongue is placed too high—behind the upper teeth or against the gums, instead of under the points of the upper teeth. In obstinate cases the child should be required to protrude the tongue between the teeth, and make a prolonged sound of *th*. The sound of *t* cannot, from its nature, be prolonged.

N for ng.—Thus: *goin'* for *going*. This very common fault is caused by touching the point of the tongue against the upper gums, in the position of *t*, instead of bringing the back of the tongue against the palate, in the position of *k*; that is to say, the articulation should be made, not with the tip, but with the back, of the tongue.

Omission of the sound of r.—For instance, *bah* for *bar*, *eñh* for *ear*. This is because the tongue is allowed to lie inactive at the moment when the sound of *r* should be produced. The tip of the tongue should be raised and turned a little backward to give the true sound of this letter.

B for v.—Thus: *gib* for *give*. This is because the lips touch each other, when the lower lip should be brought in contact with the upper teeth.

Substituting the neutral vowel (u in urn) for short i.—Thus: *pupul* for *pupil*, *habut* for *habit*, *ut* for *it*. This is because the tongue lies relaxed in the mouth, instead of being raised to its highest position. Lifting the tongue costs an effort, and indolence or negligence substitutes the easier or lazier position.

Our advice to teachers is to depend upon the ear as far as possible for the correction of errors in pronunciation; but where this will not suffice, resort to the physiological mode here indicated. It is recommended that a *short* exercise from the Introduction be given before each lesson in reading, dwelling especially on those vowels, consonants, or combinations upon which the pupils are most liable to mistake.

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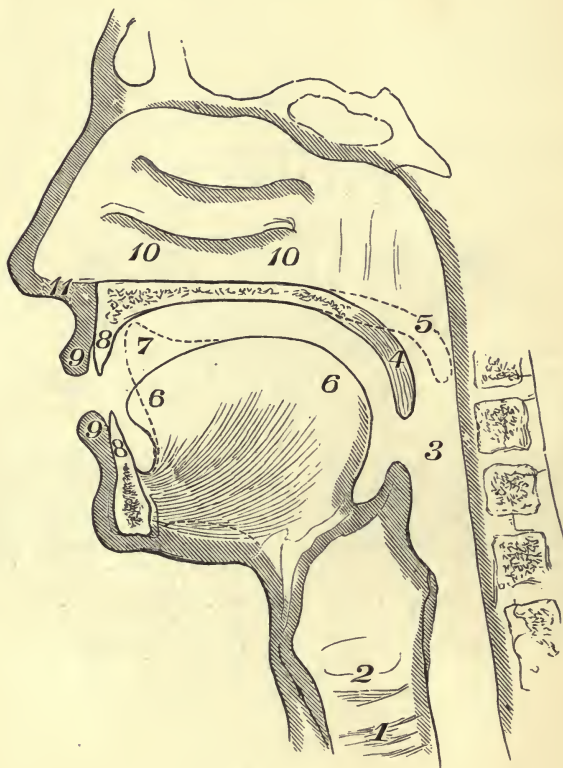
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PART I,
SOUNDS
OF
THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

DIAGRAM OF THE ORGANS OF SPEECH.



- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Windpipe. | 6. Tongue. |
| 2. Vocal cords. | 7. Point of the Tongue raised. |
| 3. Pharynx. | 8. Teeth. |
| 4. Soft palate. | 9. Lips. |
| 5. Action of the soft palate in closing the nasal passage. | 10. Nasal passage. |
| | 11. Nostrils. |

SOUNDS

OF THE

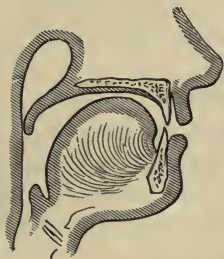
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I.

VOWELS.

E as in Eel.—Long vowel.

Separate the teeth slightly. Extend the lips sidewise. Raise the convex surface of the tongue as near the roof of the mouth as can be done without obstructing the voice.



Péat, lèap; béat,
glèbe; méed, deëm;
whèel; wèe; féar,
lèaf; véer, lèave;
thème, tèeth; thée,
sèethe; séal, lèase;
zéal, tèase; téal,
mèat; déal, mèad;
néed, dèan; chéer,
lèach; jéer, liège;



léad, fèel; réad, èar; shé, lèash; hè; yè; kéy, lèak; géar,
lèague.*

I as in Ill.—Short vowel.

The position of the organs is very nearly the same as in producing *e*, the tongue being a very little lower.

Pín, híp; bín, fìb; míd, hìm; whìch; wìn; fín, ìf; vintage,
live; thín, myth; this, with; sínk, mìss; zínk, fìzz; típ, sít;

* The marks over the vowels indicate (´) the rising and (˘) falling inflections. The teacher may carefully pronounce two words in succession (or one only where the combination of vowel and consonant cannot be reversed) with the inflections as indicated, and require the pupils to repeat them after him, and so on through the exercise. In the subsequent exercises the inflections may be varied at the discretion of the teacher.

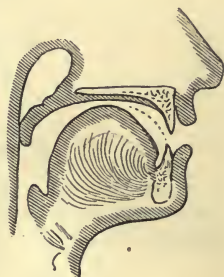
díp, lid; níb, in; chíp, pitch; jíg, midge; líp, pill; rick, mirror
shíp, dish; hit; kill, wick; gíg, wig.

A as in Ale.—Long vowel.

The teeth and lips are separated a little farther than in producing *e*, and the tongue is dropped lower. Toward the end of the sound the organs return for an instant to the position of *e*; so that the sound may be said to taper, as *h* were, to a point. *A* may be considered a double vowel made up *a + e*. The latter sound must not be prolonged in uttering this letter.



Pay, ape; bay,
babe; may, fame;
whale; way; fane,
safe; vane, save;
thane, faith; they,
lathe; sane, pace;
zany, days; tale,
late; dale, lade;
nay, fane; chain;
jay, age; lay, veil;



ay; shape; azure; hay; yea; cave, ache; gate, vague.

E as in Ebb.—Short vowel.

The mouth is in the same position as in producing the first part of *a*.

Pet, step; bet, web; met, them; when; wet; fell, cleft; vex,
never; theft, death; then, tether; set, less; zest, hesitate; tell,
bet; dell, bed; net, then; check, etch; gem, edge; led, bell; red,
berry; shell, mesh; head, yet; ken, beck; get, beg.

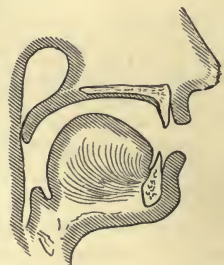
A as in Air.—Long vowel.



Separate the teeth a little more than in the preceding. Drop the tongue still lower, but not quite to its natural position.

Pair, bare, mare;
where, ware; fare;
there; saraband;
tear, dare; chair;

lair; rare; share; hare; yare; care, garish.



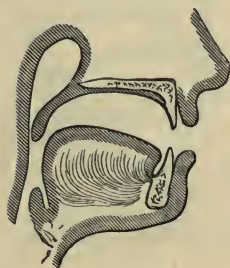
A as in At.—Short vowel.

Same position of the organs as for *a* in *air*.

Pan, nap; ban, nab; mat, lamb; whack, wag; fan, gaff; van, have; thank, hath; than, lather; sad, mass; as; tack, bat; dab, bad; gnat, man; chat, batch; jam, badge; lap, shall; rap, barren; shad, mash; hat; yam; cat, hack; gat, hag; bang.

A as in Far.—Long Vowel.

The mouth is wide open, and the tongue in its natural flat position.



Palm, gape; balm;
mar, arm; far, half;
vaunt, halve; barn,
path; father; salve,
farce; czar, alms; tar,
aunt; daunt, bard;
charm, march;
jaunt, barge; laugh;
hurrah, far; hark;
yard; calm; guard.

**A as in Past.—Short vowel.**

The organs are very nearly in the same position as for *a* in *far*, the tongue being a *very* little higher. Try to shorten the sound of *a* in *far*, and the right sound will be produced.

Past, mast, fast, vast, trance, dance, chance, last, rance, can't, gasp.

U as in Urn.—Long vowel.

The mouth is opened less than in producing *a* in *far*, and the back of the tongue is a little more depressed. The muscles of the mouth are held less firmly than in the other vowels.

Pearl, burn, mirth,
whirl, word, furl,
virtue, thirst, sir,
turn, dirt, nurse, church, germ, lurk, shirk, hurt, cur, girt.



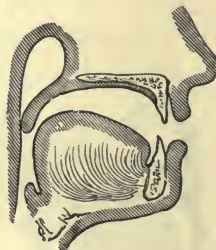
U as in Up.—Short vowel.

Nearly the same position as the above, but the organs are more firm.

Pun, up; bun, tub; mud, sum; one; fun, puff; vulture, love; thud, doth; sup, us; buzz; tub, but; dun, bud; nut, sun; chub, much; jut, nudge; lug, gull; rug; shut, hush; hull; cut, tug; gun, tug.

A as in Awe.—Long vowel.

The mouth is wide open, with the lips somewhat drawn in at the corners, or rounded. The tongue is depressed below its natural position.



Pall, yaup; ball, daub; maul, shaurn; warm; fault; vault; thaw; saw; cause; talk, caught; dawn,

awed; gnaw, lawn; chaw, debauch; jaw; law, fall; raw, war; shawl; haw; yawn; caw, hawk; gall.

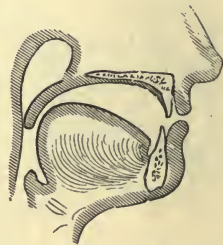
O as in Not.—Short vowel.

Nearly the same position as the preceding.

Pod, top; bog, knob; mob, Tom; what; wan; fog, old; volley, of; thong, moth; bother; sod, loss; was; top, not; dot, not; knob, on; chop, botch; jot, lodge; lot, doll; rod, for; shop, wash; hot; yon; cot, lock; got, log.

O as in Old.—Long vowel.

The lips are rounded and the tongue depressed. This letter, like *a*, changes its sound toward the end, terminating in a momentary sound of *oo*, produced by contracting the lips.



Pole, hope; bowl, lobe; moan, home; whoa; woke; foe, loaf; vote, cove; loth; though; soak,

dose; zone, doze; torn, boat; dome, bode; no, own; choke.

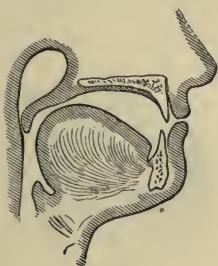
coach; joke, doge; low, pole; row, pore; show; hoe, yoke;
coat, oak; goat, vogue.

O as in Ore.—Short vowel.

Same sound as the *first part* of the preceding. It has not the sound *oo* at the end.

Pore, bore, more, wore, fore, sore, tore, door, ignore, chore,
lore, roar, shore, hoar, yore, core, gore.

Oo as in Ooze.—Long vowel.



Round and contract the lips as much as can be done without obstructing the voice. Depress the tongue.

Pool, loop; boom;
moon, loom; woo;
fool, hoof; move;
tooth; soothe; soon,
goose; zoozoo, ooze;
too, boot; do, rude;



noon, boon; choose, smooch; gamboge; loo, pool; rue, poor;
shoe; who; coo; gourmand.

Oo as in Book.—Short vowel.

Same position as the preceding.

Put, hoop; book; wood; full; forsook; took; nook; look;
rook; should; hood; could; good.

II.

DIPHTHONGS.

U as in Use.

This sound is made up of a momentary sound of *i* as in *ill* joined to *oo* as in *ooze*. Its pronunciation is identical with that of the pronoun *you*. In many positions it is very difficult of utterance—as after *s, t, d* or *l* in the same syllable—and should be carefully practiced.



INITIAL POSITION.

Pew, dupe; beauty, tube; mew, fume; whew; few; view; thew; sue, use; use; tube, mute; dew, feud; new, tune; chew; jew, huge; lute, mule; pure; hue; cue, duke; gew-gaw, fugue.



FINAL POSITION.

I as in Pie.

This sound is made up of *ä* as in *art*, joined to *ɪ* as in *ill*.



INITIAL POSITION.

Pie, type; by, imbibe; my, time; why; wine; fie, life; vie, dive; thigh; sigh, ice; size; tie, sight; die, side; nigh, fine; chide; gibe, oblige; lie, vile; rye, wire; shy; high; kite, like; guide.



FINAL POSITION.

Ou as in Out.

This is made up of *ä* as in *art*, followed by *oo* as in *look*.



INITIAL POSITION.

Pout, bow; mouth; wound; foul; vow; thousand, south; sound, house; zounds, vows; town, out; down, loud; now, town; chowder, pouch; jounce, gouge; loud, owl; row, our; shout; how; cow; gout.



FINAL POSITION.

Oi as in Oil.

This is made up of *â* as in *awe*, followed by *î* as in *pin*.

Poise; boy; moil; foil, coif; void; soil, voice; toys; doit, void; noise, coin; choice; joy; alloy, oil; royal; hoy; coil.

III.**CONSONANTS.****P as in Pin.—Aspirate.**

Bring the lower against the upper lip; make a slight puff of breath from the lips.

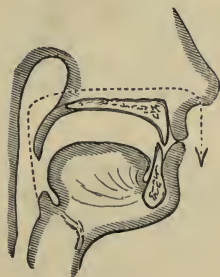


Peel, keep; pit, tip; pale, cape; pen, rep; pare; pack, tap; part; pass; pert; pug, cup; paw, yaup; pop, hop; post, cope; port; poor, coop; pull; pure, dupe; pine, wipe; pound; spoil.

**B as in Bib.—Sub-vocal.**

Same position as for *p*, directing a sound of the voice toward the lips while they are closed.

Bean, feeble; bit, nib; bail, label; bet, ebb; bare; bat, cab; bar; birth; but, hub; balk, daub; bonny, hobble; boast, robe; boon, ruby; bull; bugle, tube; bite, tribe; bound; boil.

**M as in Me.—Liquid Sub-vocal.**

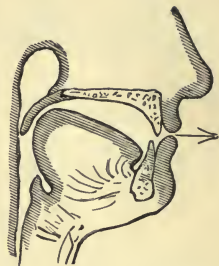
Same position of the lips as for *p* or *b*; the sound is emitted through the nose.

Me, seem; mist, dim; mate, tame; men, hem; mare; man, ham; mark, harm; mass; mermaid; much, hum; maw: mock, comment; moat, tome; more; move, room; mute, flume; mite, dime; mouth; turmoil.

Wh as in Wheel.—Aspirate.

Slightly contract and round the lips and bring them nearly together.

Wheeze, whip, whaler, whet, where, whang, whirl, whoop, whoa.

**W as in Woo.—Sub-vocal.**

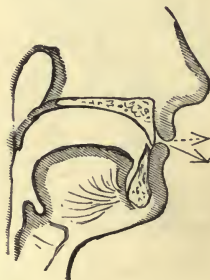
Weep, wish, wait, web, wear, wax, worst, once, wall, wad, woe, wore, woof, wool, wise, wound.

F as in Fife.—Aspirate.

Bring the lower lip against the upper teeth.

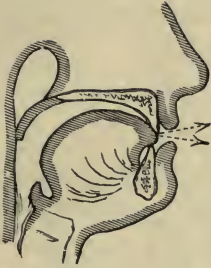


Feed, reef; fit, whiff; fail, waif; fed, deaf; fair; fact, afford; farm, calf; fasten, staff; fern, turf; fuss, rough; fall, cough; fop, offence; foes, oaf; fore; fool, roof; foot; few; fine, rife; found; foist.

**V as in Vine.—Sub-vocal.**

Veal, weave; villain, restive; vale, wave; vest, ever; vat, have; vaunt, salve; vast; verge; vulgar; volume; devote, rove; move; review; vine, hive; vowel; voice.

* An arrow denotes the direction in which the breath or sound escapes. A double arrow indicates that the breath is divided in its passage outward, as at the two sides of the tongue, or through the interstices of the teeth.

Th as in Thin.—Aspirate

Flatten the tongue and place the end of it against the edge of the upper teeth.

Theory, sheath;
thick, smith; tha-
ii'a, wraith; es-
thetic, breath;
thank, hath; wrath;
thermal; thump,

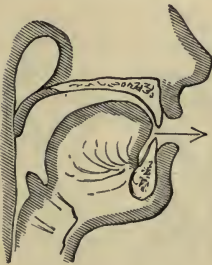
doth; thought, broth; oath; youth; mouth.

**Th as in This.—Sub-vocal.**

These, breathe; this, wither; they, bathe: them, weather;
there; that, rather; läthe; further; pother; oaths; brother;
thine, blithe; without, thou.

S as in Sin.—Aspirate.

Place the end of the tongue back of the upper teeth, leaving a slight orifice through which the breath passes.



Seek, peace; sin,
miss; sake, ace;
send, mess; sat, lass;
psalm; prance; ser-
vice, sup, thus; Saul;
sot, toss; so, close;
sore; soothe, moose;
suit, deduce; sight,
device; sour, mouse;
soil, choice.

**Z as in Zeal.—Sub-vocal.**

Zebra, please; visit, whiz; zain, blaze; zealous, peasant;
Aztec; does; pause; was; zone, pose; shoes; Zulu, fuse; resign,
wise; resound, allows; boys.

T as in Tin.—Aspirate.

Bring the tip of the tongue against the back of the upper teeth, stopping the breath from passing outward for an instant, then allowing it to pass in a slight puff.



Tea, eat; tin, wit;
tame, mate; ten,
net; tare; tan, hat;
tarne; term; ton,
cut; tawny, aught;
tot, hot; toll, rote;
tore; tool, root;
took, foot; tutor,
mute; time, bite;
tower, shout; toil,
loiter.

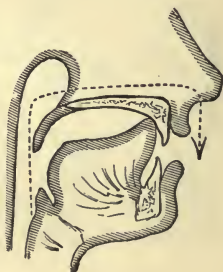
**D as in Did.—Sub-vocal.**

Deed, feed; din, hid; date, made; debt, fed; dare; dapper, mad; dauntless; dance; dearth; dumb, mud; daw, laud; don, pod; dole, load; adore; ado, mood; would; duty, mewed; dine, pride; doubt, proud; daily, avoid.

N as in Need.—Liquid Sub-vocal.

Same position of the tongue and lips as in producing *t* and *d*, but allowing the voice to pass through the nose.

Knee, mean; knit, pin; nail, pane;
nest, pen; knack, fan; prance; nurture;
nun, pun; naught, pawn; nod, on; note,
loan; noose, loon; nook; newt, June;
night, line; knout, sound; annoy, join.

**Ch as in Chin.—Aspirate.**

This may be regarded as a double consonant, made up of *t* and *sh*, and requiring the positions of those letters.

Cheap, peach; chin, witch; change; chess, stretch; chap, catch; char, arch; chance; churl; chuck, Dutch; chaw, debauch; chock, watch; chose, roach; chore; chew; chime; chowchow, vouch; choice.

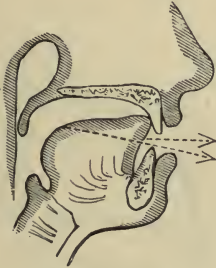
J as in Judge.—Sub-vocal.

A double consonant, made up of *d* and *zh*.

Genius, siege; gin, ridge; jail, page; jet, wedge; jangle, badger; jar; journey; jug, budge; jaw; job, hodge-podge; jovial, gamboге; juice, huge; giant, obliging; jounce, gouge; join.

L as in Lip.—Liquid Sub-vocal.

The front of the tongue is raised against the upper gums, and the voice is allowed to escape at the sides of the tongue.

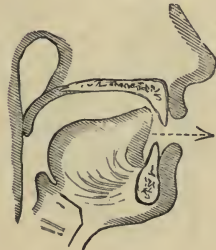


Lea, peel; lid, fill;
lane, bale; let, web;
lair; lack, allow;
large; lance; learn;
luck, cull; lawn,
bawl; lock, volley;
loan, roll; lore;
loon, cool; look,
pull; lucid, pule;
lout, cowl; loyal,
boil.



R as in Leer, Reel.—Liquid Sub-vocal.

The tip of the tongue is reversed or curled backward, and the breath escapes at the sides. When the tip of the tongue is vibrated, it produces the trill or rough *r*, which may be produced before a vowel heard in the same syllable, but never after the vowel.



Reel, leer; rip,
syrup; rail; rest,
merit; rare, care;
ran, carry; hurrah,
mar; raft; turn;
rust, purr; wrought,
brawl; rot, horror;
roar; rood, moor;
right, fire; rout,
sour; roister.

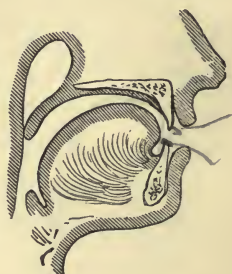


Sh as in She.—Aspirate.

The front of the tongue is lifted toward the roof of the mouth, so that the lower surface of the tongue will be facing the teeth.



Sheet, schottish ;
shin, fish ; shame,
Asia ; shed, flash ;
share, shag, hash ;
shaft ; shirr ; shun,
rush ; pshaw ; shot,
slosh ; shoal, ocean ;
shore ; shoot ; shook,
push ; sugar ; shine ;
shower.

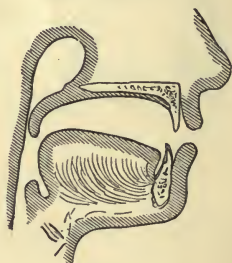
**Zh as in Azure.—Sub-vocal.**

Leisure ; elysium ; measure ; mirage ; rouge ; usual.

H as in Hand.—Aspirate.

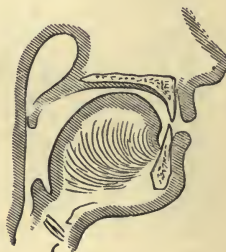
The sound of *h* will be produced by emitting the breath with some force, with the mouth in either of the vowel positions.

Heel, hit, hale, head, hair, hat, heart,
hasp, heard, hut, hawk, hot, hose, hoar,
hoot, hook, hew, high, how, hoyden.

**Y as in Yet.—Sub-vocal.**

Raise the convex arch of the tongue toward the roof of the mouth, as in producing the vowel *e*, but so closely as somewhat to obstruct the passage of the voice.

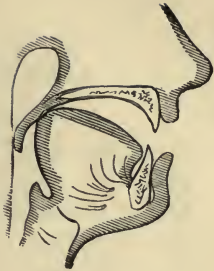
Yield ; Yale, yet ;
yare, yank ; yarn ;
yearn, young ; yawl,
yonder ; yolk, yore ;
you.



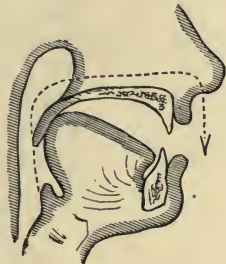
K as in Kick.—Aspirate.

Bring the back of the tongue against the soft palate.

Keen, speak; kin, pick; cake, bake; neck; care; cart; cast; curtain; cub, luck; call, balk; cod, dock; coal, spoke; core, cool; cook, book; cure, duke; kind, pike; cowl, coin.

**G as in Gig.—Sub-vocal.**

Gear, fatigue; give, fig; gaze, plague; get, peg; garret, rag; garment; aghast; girl, berg; gust, rug; gauze; gong, bog; ghost; gore; ghoul; good; guy; gout.

**Ng as in Song.—Sub-vocal.**

The tongue is placed in the position of *k* or *g*, but the pressure is gentle, so that the veil of the palate can fall and allow the voice to pass through the nose.

Fling, slang, bung, wrong.

The consonant *C* is equivalent to *s*, as in *cease*; or to *k*, as in *cove*. It usually has the sound of *s* before *e*, *i*, and *y*, and the sound of *k* before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l*, *r*, and *t*.

J is the equivalent of *g* soft, as in *judge*.

Q has the sound of *k*, as in *quick*.

X has the sound of *ks*, as in *six*; or of *gz*, as in *exact*. It has the sound of *ks* before an aspirate or an unaccented vowel, as in *expect*, *maxim*; and the sound of *gz* before an accented vowel, as in *exalt*.

IV.

CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

Initial Consonant Combinations.

bw	as in	buoy	gl	as in	glass	sl	as in	slave
by	" "	beauty	gr	" "	great	sm	" "	smile
bl	" "	blade	kw	" "	queen	sn	" "	snow
br	" "	bride	ky	" "	cue	sf	" "	sphere
py	" "	pew	kl	" "	cleave	sp	" "	spire
pl	" "	place	kr	" "	crime	st	" "	steam
pr	" "	price	my	" "	muse	sk	" "	sky
dy	" "	dew	ny	" "	neuter	spl	" "	spleen
dw	" "	dwarf	fy	" "	few	spr	" "	spring
dr	" "	draw	fl	" "	flight	spy	" "	spume
dzh	" "	jew	fr	" "	fright	str	" "	straw
ty	" "	tune	vy	" "	view	sty	" "	stew
tw	" "	twelve	thw	" "	thwart	skr	" "	scream
tr	" "	try	thy	" "	thew	skw	" "	squint
tsh	" "	chair	thr	" "	three	sky	" "	skew
gw	" "	guelph	sw	" "	sway	shr	" "	shrine
gy	" "	gewgaw	sy	" "	sue			

Terminal Combinations.

1. *Liquid and Single Aspirate.*

Help, elf, health, else, felt, Welsh, milk ;
 lamp, nymph, dreamt ;
 ninth, dance, tent,—strength, ink ;
 sharp, turf, earth, purse, heart, harsh, hark.

2. *Double Aspirates.*

depth, steps, apt ;
 fifth, fifes, left ;
 broths ;
 wasp, post, task ;
 looks, act.

3. *Liquid and Double Aspirates.*

Alps, gulped, gulfs, twelfth, ingulfed ;
 lamps, stamped, triumphs, tempts ;
 tenths, against, prints,—lengths, ring'st ;
 harps, warped, serfs, earth's, first, carts, march.

4. *Triple Aspirates.*

Depths, droop'*st*, adepts ; fifths, laugh*st*, rafts ;
look*st*, facts ;
asps, posts, desks ;
sat*st*, patch*ed* ;
look'*st*, acts.

5. *Liquid and Triple Aspirates.*

Help'*st*, twelfth*s*, milk'*st*, halt'*st*, filch*ed* ;
limp'*st*, attempt*st* ;
want'*st*, flinch*ed*,—precinct*s*, think*st* ;
warp'*st*, dwarf'*st*, embark'*st*, burst*s*, hurt*st*, arch'*d*, work'*st*.

6. *Quadruple Aspirates.*

Sixth*s* ;
text*s*.

7. *Liquid and Single Sub-vocals.*

Bulb, delve, ell*s*, old ;
rhomb, gem*s*, fam*ed* ;
lens, end,—song*s*, hang*ed* ;
orb, nerve, bar*s*, cord, iceberg ;
prism, froz'*n*.

8. *Double Liquids.*

Elm, stolen ;
arm, morn, curl.

9. *Double Sub-vocals.*

Web*s*, prob*ed* ;
cav*es*, sav*ed*, bath*es*, breath*ed* ;
gaz*ed* ;
bud*s*, lodg*e* ;
log*s*, begg*ed*.

10. *Double Liquids and Double Aspirates.*

Overwhelm'*st*, charm'*st*, scorn'*st*.

11. *Liquid and Double Sub-vocals.*

Bulb*s*, bulb*ed* ; wolv*es*, involv*ed* ; fold*s*, bilg*e* ;
hing*e*, land*s* ;
orb*s*, curb*ed*, bird*s*, iceberg*s*.

12. *Double Liquids and Single Sub-vocals.*

Elm*s*, overwhelm*ed* ;
curl*s*, arm*s*, form*ed*, horn*s*, burn*ed*.

13. *Double Liquids and Double Sub-vocals.*

Worlds.

14. *Double Liquids and Double Aspirates.*

Charm'st, scorn'st.

15. *Triple Sub-vocals.*

Fledged.

16. *Liquid and Triple Sub-vocals.*

Bulged, changed, urged.

Mixed Articulations.17. *Liquids and Aspirates.*

Stiff'st, sparkl'st;

soften, token, waken'st.

18. *Sub-vocals and Aspirates.*

Robb'st, amidst, width, digg'st, rav'st, writh'st;

prob'dst, hundredths, begg'dst.

19. *Liquids, Sub-vocals, and Aspirates.*

Hobbles, baffled, rifles, dazzl'd, kindles, sparkl'd, mingl'd, rattl'd, titles, twinkles, scruples;

troubl'st, triff'st, shov'lst, kindl'st, struggl'st, puzzl'st, tramp'l'st, shieldst, revolv'st;

trembl'dst, triff'dst, shov'ldst, tramp'l'dst, involv'dst, kindl'dst, mingl'dst, twinkl'dst, fondl'dst, dazzl'dst, rattl'dst;

stiff'ns, deaf'n'd, wak'ns, wak'n'd, madd'n'd, whit'ns, rip'n'd, opens;

sendst, wak'n'dst, madd'n'dst, lighten'dst, ripen'dst, hearken'dst, doom'dst;

absorbst, regard'st, curb'dst, hurl'dst, charm'dst, return'dst, starv'dst;

strength'ns, strength'n'd, wrong'dst, lengthen'dst.

20. *Combinations in which the same Articulation occurs twice.*

Act'st, lift'st, melt'st, hurt'st, want'st, shout'st, touch'd, parch'd, help'dst, bark'dst, prompt'st, touch'dst, rattl'st;

bursts, tasks, grasps, mists, bask'st, lessenst, nestl'st, puzzles, enlist'st.

PART II.

READING LESSONS

The title is set within a highly decorative, symmetrical frame. The frame features a central shield-like shape with vertical hatching. This central element is surrounded by elaborate, swirling floral and foliate patterns that extend to the edges of the page. The overall design is characteristic of late 19th-century book ornamentation.

"Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year."

HORACE MANN.

THE FOURTH READER.

I.—TWO KINDS OF FUN.

THERE were some little boys in a field flying a kite. Billy Malstone and his uncle, Captain Gunnell, returning from a walk, passed through the field. One of the boys had hold of the kite, and the other had hold of the string ready to run.

2. "Now, uncle," said Billy, "you wait here and I'll show you some fun."

3. His uncle was on a little eminence at the time, and Billy, leaving him there, ran down to where the boys were.

"Boys," said he, "I'll show you how to fly the kite, so as to make it go up high."

4. He then—first looking up to see which way the wind was blowing—placed the boy who held the kite in such a position, that when the kite began to go up, the wind should wind the tail around him and entangle it. And then he told the boy who had the string to run in such a direction as to bring the string among the branches of a tree.

5. The boys being small, and supposing that Billy knew more about kite flying than they, trusted him implicitly, and did just as he said.

6. When all was thus arranged, Billy told the boys to wait until he gave the word of command. Then when he felt a fresh breeze coming, he called out in a loud and eager voice,

"There! Now, boys! Run, RUN!"

7. The boy who had the string ran as fast as he could go, and, as Billy had expected and intended, the kite-tail was blown around the boy who held the kite, became entangled in his legs, and broke off in the middle. The kite went up, diving about furiously in the air, and entangled itself in the trees.

8. Billy at once, when he saw that his trick had succeeded, set off to rejoin his uncle, running up the path as fast as he could go, and laughing immoderately.

9. "You managed that very ingeniously," said the captain.

"Didn't I?" said Billy.

10. "You got some good fun out of that, didn't you?" said his uncle.

"Yes," said Billy, "capital fun."

11. "Now," said the captain, "it is my turn to have some fun. You sit down here on this flat stone, and see what I'll do."

"What is it that you're going to do?" asked Billy.

12. "You'll see," said his uncle. "You must wait here till I come back."

13. So the captain went down the hill.

"Boys," said he, as soon as he came within hearing of the boys, "don't be concerned. I'll help you clear your kite. I am an old hand at knotting and splicing, and all other kinds of rigging work."

14. The boys looked at him with an expression of amazement on their countenances. They wondered who that man could be, that was coming to help them in so unexpected a manner.

15. The captain took no notice of their surprise, but went directly and disentangled the boy from the remnant of the kite-tail.

16. "There," said he, laying the kite-tail smoothly upon the ground, "now let's see if we can get the kite down from the tree."

17. He walked along toward the foot of the tree, in

which the kite was lodged. The boys followed him, but were too much astonished to have anything to say.

18. Billy was equally astonished, sitting still on the rock where the captain had placed him. He had expected that the captain was going down to play the boys some other malicious trick; but instead of that he found him busily engaged in helping them recover their property and repair damages.

19. He began to wish to go down to where his uncle was, but he recollected that his uncle had directed him to remain at the stone until he returned.

20. Captain Gunnell, when he reached the foot of the tree, asked the boys if they thought they could climb it. The boys looked very seriously up into the tree, but did not answer.

21. "Well," said Captain Gunnell, "I can climb it. I am as good at climbing as I am at knotting and rigging. I began to go up to the mast head when I was but little older than you."

22. So saying he lifted up his arms and took hold of a branch just above his head, and by means of it raised himself up into a tree. He seemed to have the strength of a Hercules in his arms. He soon disentangled the kite and brought it down to the boys.

23. While he was doing this, Billy called out, "Uncle, may I come down there?"

24. "No," replied his uncle; "you stay where you are. I am coming up very soon."

25. He then went on aiding the boys to get their kite in order, and assisted them in raising it; and when it was well in the air, he went up the path and rejoined Billy.

26. As soon as Captain Gunnell arrived at the place where he had left Billy, Billy asked him why he was not willing to let him go down and help get the kite down.

27. "Because I thought that would not be giving you any pleasure," said the captain. "That is not your kind of fun. Your kind of fun is teasing and troubling boys all

you can; mine is helping them, and giving them pleasure. I thought you would not like *my* kind of fun."

28. Billy did not know what to say to this, and so he walked along a little way in silence. Pretty soon, however, the captain began to talk to him about other things, just as if nothing had happened.

JACOB ABBOTT.

II.—THE BLUEBIRD.

I.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

II.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

III.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

IV.

"Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!"

EMILY H. MILLER.

III.—AUDUBON AND HIS PICTURES.

I AM going to tell you a short story about a great man. It may show how difficulties and annoyances should be met and overcome, and how much better it is to persevere and try again, than to give up and repine when a misfortune happens, or when things do not turn out as we wish.

2. Some years ago there lived in this country a great naturalist, that is, a man who studies the habits and the structure of animals and plants. His name was John J. Audubon. He had made up his mind to write a great book about the birds of America; and as he could draw and paint beautifully, he went out into the woods and shot wild birds of bright plumage, of which he made colored drawings while the bright tints on their feathers were yet fresh and gay.

3. He went on with this work for years, and at last had collected a thousand drawings. Fancy ten hundred drawings of birds, all large and beautiful, and all carefully finished. But by accident a fire broke out, and the whole collection was burned. There was a misfortune!

4. But what did Audubon do? Instead of repining, he began his work all over again. He made fresh drawings, and worked night and day until he had a thousand new ones ready. And then he produced a great book, which is considered one of the finest in the world, and which will cause his name to be always remembered.

EXERCISE.

READ THESE SENTENCES FIRST AS HERE GIVEN; THEN AGAIN, SUPPLYING WORDS OR PHRASES OF SIMILAR MEANING TO BE FOUND IN THE FOREGOING PIECE, IN PLACE OF THOSE IN ITALICS.

1. I am going to tell you a *brief* story about a *noble* man.
2. It may show how *obstacles* and *troubles* should be met.
3. It is better to *keep on* and *make another effort*.
4. He shot birds that had *brilliant feathers*.
5. *Imagine a thousand pictures* of birds.
6. Instead of *complaining* he *commenced* his *labor* again.
7. He *prepared* a book which is *thought* one of the *best* in the world.



IV.—OUR SHIPS.

I.

HURRAH for our ships! our merchant-ships!
Let's raise for them a song.
Safely they glide o'er the foaming tide,
With timbers stout and strong.
They to and fro on the waters go,
And, borne on the rushing breeze,
Like birds they fly, 'neath every sky,
From north to southern seas!

II.

Hurrah for our ships! our stout steamships!
That float in strength and grace;
By fire and air their course they bear,
As giants in the race.

They bind the hands of kindred lands
 In close and friendly grasp:
 God grant no feud by death and blood
 May e'er unloose the clasp!

III.

Hurrah for them all, both great and small,
 That float our waters free;
 May they safely sail in calm or gale,
 In home or foreign sea!
 Hurrah again for our merchantmen!
 For our men-of-war hurrah!
 Ring out the shout for our steamships stout!
 Hurrah for them all! hurrah!

V.—*STOOP!*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a young man, visited Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the doctor showed him out of the house by a back way. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, "*Stoop! stoop!*"

2. Not at once understanding the meaning of the advice, Franklin took another step, and brought his head pretty sharply against a beam that projected over the passage.

3. "My lad," said the divine, "you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump."

Yet it is not an easy lesson to learn,—the art of stooping gracefully, and at the right time.

4. When a young man stands before you in a passion, fuming and foaming, although you know he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud, as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. Stoop, as you would if a tornado were passing.

5. It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. It is just as sensible to echo back the bellows of a mad bull,

as it is to answer in the same tone the ravings of a madman. Stoop gracefully, and, amid the pauses of the wind, throw in the "soft words that turn away wrath."

6. When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have done, for a neglect chargeable against you, *stoop!* Do not try to justify or excuse a palpable fault. This only increases the wrong. This only excites greater wrath. *Stoop!*

7. If you say mildly, "I know I was wrong; forgive me," you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect.

8. A friend came to me once with a face black with frowns, and with fury all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfil a promise. I foresaw the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply saying, "I am very sorry; I forgot. Pardon me this time." What could the man say? He kept the cork in the bottle, and I escaped a terrible blast.

9. How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we knew how and when to stoop!

10. But when tempted to do a mean thing or a wrong thing,—when solicited to evil by companions or circumstances,—then *don't stoop!* You may give up your own personal rights if you will, you may give "coat and cloak" to an unjust demand,—sometimes even this is necessary,—to stoop in silence to an injustice. It may be done without disgrace or guilt. But never stoop to a meanness, to a base deed. Never stoop to pick up a forbidden object, the possession of which righteously exposes you to scorn or censure.

EXERCISE.

[See Directions on page 35.]

1. "My boy," said the clergyman, "learn to stoop."
2. Stoop, as you would if a *whirlwind* were passing.
3. Do not answer in the same tone the *fury* of a *crazy person*.
4. Do not try to *defend* or excuse an *evident* fault.
5. This only *arouses* greater *anger*.
6. Never do that which *justly* exposes you to *contempt* or *blame*.

VI.—*THE BEAUTIES OF SUMMER.*

I.

THE summer! the summer! the exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush and the nightingale's chime;
The chant of the lark, and the boom of the bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and glee!
It is here! it is here! it is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of the glen.

II.

It is touching the mountain and tingeing the hill,
And dimpling the face of the low-laughing rill;
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with bloom,
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the broom!

III.

I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye;
I have scented the breath of the fresh opened flowers,
I have plucked a rich garland from bright hawthorn bowers;
My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the steeps.

IV.

I have startled the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he basked in the glade;
And my spirit is blithe as a rivulet clear,
For the summer, the golden-crowned summer, is here!

VII.—*THE LOST PENKNIFE.*

RICHARD ROSS was going home from school one day when he saw a handsome penknife lying on the ground. Now a knife was of all things just what Richard wanted, and the sight of this one made his heart jump for joy. He caught it up eagerly, pulled open the bright blade, and feasted his eyes on the white pearl handle and shining steel.

2. "I'm a lucky fellow," he said to himself, and then he started for home at a full run to tell his brother and sister of his good luck, and show his beautiful knife.

3. "I wonder who could have lost it?" said brother Charles.

"It's more than I know, or care either," replied Richard. "Finding is keeping."

4. "Suppose *you* had lost it?" said grave brother Charles.

"Oh, bother!" answered Richard, with some impatience. Charles's suggestion had fallen like a wet blanket, as we say sometimes, on Richard's self-satisfaction.

5. "Somebody must have lost it," said Charley.

"Maybe it was Mr. Ellis," suggested sister Marion. "I saw him going down the road half an hour ago."

6. "I don't believe it's his knife," spoke out Richard, who was not feeling so comfortable as when he came in.

"I would ask him if I were you," said Charles.

7. Richard made no reply to this suggestion. Suppose he should ask Mr. Ellis if it was his knife, and he should say yes? He would of course have to give it up. The thought was anything but agreeable.

8. "Suppose," said Charles, looking up from his book that evening as they sat round a table studying their lessons, "you had lost that knife, Richard?"

9. "Why can't you let the knife rest?" answered Richard, half angrily. "It's no concern of yours."

10. "But I can't help feeling sorry for the person who lost it," said Charles. "It's such a beauty of a knife, and, maybe, was a gift or a keepsake; or, maybe, a little boy or girl bought it with the money saved up for months."

11. "Oh, bother!" exclaimed Richard, using his favorite word when things did not go smoothly with him. "What's the use of supposing all that? The knife is mine now. If I had not picked it up, somebody else would. When a thing's lost, it's lost, and there's the end of it. If people are careless enough to drop their things in the public road, they mustn't expect the finders to run all through

creation to look them up. Finding's keeping the world over."

12. "It is n't according to the Golden Rule," answered Charles. "Let me read it."

13. "Oh, never mind about the Golden Rule! What has that to do with finding a penknife?" returned Richard.

14. "We shall see;" and Charles, who had opened a New Testament that was lying upon the table, read: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

15. "Well, I don't see anything about finding a penknife there," said Richard. "Do you?"

"Yes," answered Charles.

"Then your eyes are sharper than mine."

16. "If you had lost a penknife, and Tom Link had found it, would n't you be glad if he were to ask all around for the owner, instead of keeping the knife and not saying a word about it? Of course you would! And you would say that Tom was a nice fellow—so unselfish and honorable—and all because he had done as he would be done by—had kept the Golden Rule."

17. Richard looked very sober at this, for it brought the matter home to him as he had not seen it before. There *was* something about this penknife in the Golden Rule, and he was beginning to see it.

18. And now a gradual change began to come over his feelings, for he was able to put himself in place of the one who had lost the knife, and to feel sorry for the loss. He took it out of his pocket, and turned it over in his hands.

19. "It is beautiful," he said, "and the person who lost it must feel very badly. It is n't my knife, though I did find it, that's clear."

20. "And you never could enjoy it," said sister Nell, "because you'd be always thinking how sorry the person who lost it must be."

21. "Maybe I would. Anyhow, I'm going straight

over to see Mr. Ellis in the morning, and ask him if he lost it."

And he did so.

22. "Why, Richard!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis, when he saw the knife, a glow of surprise and pleasure on his face. "Where did you find it? It is one grandma sent to Horace for a birthday present, and I lost it on my way home. This is his birthday. I have been so annoyed about the loss."

23. "I'm glad I found it for you," said Richard. And he did feel glad as he handed Mr. Ellis the beautiful pearl-handled knife.

24. On the next day Richard received from Mr. Ellis a fine four-bladed pocket-knife, worth, for real service to a boy, a dozen such as the one he had found, and the pleasant note that came with it made him, to use his own words, "feel good." He could enjoy this knife, because it was really his own. Nobody had lost it, and so no thought of what another had lost could intrude itself and mar the pleasure of its use.

T. S. ARTHUR.

VIII.—*THE BEST THAT I CAN.*

I.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

II.

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold!
Yet I am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

III.

A child went merrily forth to play,
 But a thought, like a silver thread,
 Kept winding in and out all day,
 Through the happy golden head,—
 Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
 For you are a part of God's great plan!"

IV.

She knew no more than the glancing star,
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
 How, why, and for what, all strange things were;
 She was only a child at school!
 But thought: "It is part of God's great plan,
 That even I should do all that I can!"

V.

So she helped a younger child along
 When the road was rough to the feet,
 And she sang from her heart a little song
 That we all thought passing sweet;
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
 Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

VI.

Our best! Ah, children! the best of us
 Must hide our faces away,
 When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
 At our task, at the close of day!
 But for strength from above—'tis the Master's plan--
 We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

EXERCISE.

1. My *bright rays* cannot struggle far.
2. I will *gladly* do the best that I can.
3. A child went *joyously* forth to play.
4. She knew no more than the *glittering* star, or the cloud with its *cup* full, why things were so.
5. She sang a song that we all thought *exceedingly* sweet.
6. The Lord comes to *examine* our *work* at the *end* of day.

IX.—*THE FIRE-FLIES.*

LITTLE Lady Bug had a wedding, and all the bugs were invited. Many had a long journey to make, and became quite friendly with each other on the way. It was night, for that is the journeying time of the bugs,—just as the butterflies make their flights only in the sunshine.

2. They had nearly reached the bride's house, when, right in their way, lay a wide swamp, upon which the Will-o'-the-Wisps blazed and danced back and forth. The frightened bugs stopped their flight, and held a council, to discuss how they could go on further.

3. "We cannot get over," said a cautious May Bug; "the dancing flames would burn our wings."

"Then we must fly around the swamp," said a Stag-Beetle.

4. To this the little bugs would not consent, for they were already tired, and were afraid of the strange way around.

5. "It is easy for the Stag-Beetle, with his great wings, to talk," said one of them. "Besides, we should lose our way if we turned out of the straight road."

6. "Then let us choose for our leader a Dragon-Fly who knows all about the swamp," proposed a Rose Bug. But the little bugs would not hear of a roundabout way.

7. After a long debate they separated. The big bugs tried to fly around the swamp; the little ones remained hopeless behind, fearing already that they should lose the beautiful wedding.

8. Time flew on. A Will-o'-the-Wisp danced mockingly around them, and the poor little party were in despair.

9. Then the Fire-Flies, who at that time were not *fire-flies* at all, but quite homely little fellows, said, "We are not afraid; we will fly on ahead and see whether the flames will harm us. You can wait on the edge of the swamp."

10. This was agreed to; and the little gray bugs whirled

cautiously around the crazy, fiery fellows. It is true, the first time one skipped toward them they shrunk back in fright; and the spectators on the bank were no doubt triumphing over their defeat. But that just spurred them to a new trial.

11. They had already surrounded a Will-o'-the-Wisp; and as he, in order to scare them, rushed back and forth between the largest crowds, they exulted aloud; for although they had to shut their dazzled eyes, not one of them was harmed.

12. Now they pursued their stubborn enemy, who soon was so beset that he had to give himself up, and was dragged by his captors in triumph to the bank.

13. The other bugs now wished to take part in the victory, and claimed the captive as their own; but the little victors knew how to maintain their rights, as they had known how to gain them in battle.

14. The prisoner was laid upon the trunk of an old tree, and with a blade of grass, that had little sharp teeth on its edge like a saw, was cut up and divided, so that each of the little heroes had his sparkling bit of Will-o'-the-Wisp to hide under his wings.

15. All now proceeded on their journey across the swamp undisturbed by the Will-o'-the-Wisps, who were frightened by the fate of their brother, and readily made way for the whole company.

16. To the great joy of the little bugs, they soon reached the house of the bride, and they had been a long time enjoying themselves, when at last the large bugs arrived, exhausted by their long flight, and scolding the Dragon-Fly who had maliciously taken them a wrong way and then wickedly left them.

17. When the large bugs asked some of the little ones how they had got across the burning swamp, they mumbled unintelligible words, nodding slyly with their feelers; for the Fire-Flies had charged them not yet to tell of their conquest.

18. Even bugs are more willing to conceal the glory than the shame of others, and, in admitting the courage of the Fire-Flies, the other little bugs would at the same time have had to confess their own indecision.

19. The day passed by, and the wedding evening with its festivity began. The large bugs had rested themselves, and had already begun to put on airs. All the bugs dressed up. Only the little Fire-Flies, in the gray dress, sat modestly in the grass.

20. A Gold Bug who had spent a long time at his toilet walked past them, feeling very vain of his green and gold garments. "You poor little bugs," said he, sneeringly, "what good does it do you to dress up? In your dusty mantles you would never play a bright part, else I would offer you some gold paint that I left on the blade of grass beside the dew-drop which I used for a mirror."

21. "We thank you," spoke up a pert little Fire-Fly; "for though we have no gold dress, still we carry a brilliant jewel that you lack."

22. At these words all the Fire-Flies lifted their wings. The light of the little flame streamed out; and as they went whirling back and forth through the wedding company, the astonishment and wonder had no end.

23. The Fire-Flies remained the heroes of the festival; and when it was over, Lady Bug, the blushing bride, let them go before to light the way.

24. That was long ago. But the Fire-Flies have kept their little flames; and if these seem sometimes to be going out, they just catch a Will-o'-the-Wisp and divide it as in former days.

EXERCISE.

1. Night is the traveling time of the bugs.
2. The *scared* bugs stopped their *flying*, and held a *meeting*.
3. After a long *discussion* they *parted*.
4. The little ones *staid* behind in *despair*.
5. Now they *chased* their *obstinate* enemy.
6. The large bugs *came*, *tired out* by their long flight.

X.—*FIELD LILIES.*

I.

LILY bells! lily bells! swinging and ringing
Sweet golden bells on the still summer air,
Are ye calling the birds to their matins of singing,
Summoning Nature to worship and prayer?

II.

Lily bells! lily bells! daintily swaying,
Poising your petals like butterflies' wings,
As the breeze murmurs round you, pray what is he saying?
Is he whispering love-words and soft, pretty things?

III.

Lily bells! lily bells! 'mid the long grasses
Gleaming like sunbeams in still shady bower,
Have you stolen your gold from the sun as he passes?
Are ye guarding your treasure in bud and in flower?

IV.

Lily bells! lily bells! bowing and bending,
Are ye nodding a welcome to me as I go?
Do ye know that my heart bears a love never-ending
For bright golden lily-bells all in a row?

V.

Lily bells! lily bells! down in the meadows,
As I see your fair forms 'mid the mosses and brake,
My heart wanders back to the past, with its shadows,
To Christ, and the wise, loving words that he spake.

VI.

"Consider the lilies"—yes, this was his teaching—
"The modest field-lilies that toil not nor spin,
Yet even to them is my loving care reaching,
My heart takes the feeblest and lowliest in."

VII.

Lily bells! lily bells! waving and swinging,
If Jesus, my Master, can watch over you,
I'll go to him daily, with gladness and singing,
Believing he'll love *me* and care for *me* too.

VIII.

Lily bells! lily bells! bending and swaying,
Ring out your sweet peals on the still summer air;
I would ye might lure *all* to trusting and praying,
And teach them sweet lessons of God's loving care.

XI.—*THE MERRY AUTUMN DAYS.*

DID you ever see the chestnut trees? They grow in our woods, and on the shores of some ponds. In the spring they are covered with long yellowish blossoms; and all through the hot summer those blossoms are at work turning into the chestnuts, wrapped safely in round, thorny balls, which will prick your fingers sadly if you don't take care.

2. But when the frost of the autumn nights comes, it cracks open the prickly ball, and shows a shining brown nut inside. Then, if we are careful, we may pull off the covering and take out the nut. Sometimes, indeed, there are two, three or four nuts in one shell.

3. Now, in the autumn it is merry sport to gather these chestnuts and store them away; some to be eaten, boiled or roasted, by the bright fire in the cold winter days that are coming; and some to be nicely packed in great bags, and carried on the donkey down to the town and be sold.

4. So when father says one night at supper-time, "It is growing cold; I think there will be a frost to-night," Mabel knows very well what to do; and she dances away right early in the evening to her little bed. She falls asleep to dream about the chestnut-wood, and the squirrels, and the little brook that leaps and springs from rock to rock, down under the tall, dark trees.

5. She has gone to bed early that she may wake with the first daylight, and she is out of bed in a minute when she hears her father's cheerful call in the morning: "Come, children, it is time to be off."

6. Their dinner is packed in a large basket. The donkey stands ready before the door, with great empty bags hanging at each side; and they go merrily over the crisp frost to the chestnut trees.

7. How the frost has opened the burrs! He has done more than half their work for them already. How they



laugh, and sing, and shout to each other, as they gather the smooth brown nuts, filling their baskets and running to pour them into the great bags!

8. The sun looks down upon them through the yellow leaves, and the rocks give them mossy seats; while here and there comes a bird or a squirrel to see what these strange people are doing in the wood.

9. Mabel declares that the chestnut days are the best in

the year. Perhaps she is right. I am sure I should enjoy them; should n't you?

10. She really helps, although she is but a little girl, and her father says at night that his little Mabel is a dear, good child. It makes her very happy.

11. She thinks of what he has said, while she undresses at night, and she goes peacefully to sleep, to dream again of the merry autumn days.



XII.—*THE OPEN DOOR.*

I.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

II.

When prayer was done, her eldest child—
A boy of eight years old—
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied the prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

III.

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclosethe the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

IV.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
“My little Dirk has done it, sir,”
The widow, smiling, said,
“That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread.”

V.

“Indeed!” the burgomaster cried,
“Then here’s a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had.”
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

VI.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, “Many thanks, good Lord;”
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother’s prayer,
And sent this full supply.

EXERCISE.

1. A widow *lived* in a town of Holland.
2. Her *little ones* asked *without avail* for bread.
3. The *light* of their lamp fell on the *road*.
4. *Soon* the *chief magistrate or mayor* passed.
5. He *stopped* to ask why the door was *not shut*.
6. He sent the boy back with *something to eat*.
7. He knew that *his heavenly Father* has *listened* to his mother’s *petition*.

XIII.—*THE BAD HAT.*

MR. LOVELL is counting money at an open drawer, when his little daughter ANNA enters, with a hat in her hand.

Mr. Lovell (shutting the drawer). And what do you come for, my little girl?

Anna (hesitatingly). Father, I've come to talk to you about your hat.

Mr. Lovell. Is n't the hat well enough?

Anna. Oh dear, father! just look at it!

Mr. Lovell. But you have not brushed it, Anna.

Anna. I've brushed it and brushed it—till there's no *brush* to it!

Mr. Lovell. Well, well, it is n't gay; it is n't a shining beaver any more, I'm sorry to say! But it must do for the present, my love.

Anna. But everybody says it looks so shabby!

Mr. Lovell. Is that so? Then, how are we to make it last six months longer becomes a serious question. But who is everybody?

Anna. Why, Philip Marston.

Mr. Lovell. He is everybody, is he?

Anna. He for one. He says he should think I would be ashamed to walk out with such a hat.

Mr. Lovell. And are you ashamed?

Anna. Why—no—but—I do wish you would get a new one! Do, dear father!

Mr. Lovell. But I have no money to buy one.

Anna. But you have money! You were counting some just now!

Mr. Lovell. But suppose I want the money for other things?

Anna. Oh, but nothing shows so much as a hat! Philip says—

Mr. Lovell. Well, what does he say?

Anna. That people call you stingy; they think you are mean, and a miser;—and oh, it makes me cry to hear him!

Mr. Lovell. Come here, little Anna. What is mean and miserly, my child?—do you know?

Anna. Something horrid, I am sure; and what everybody hates,—and what you are not, I know, for everybody loves you.

Mr. Lovell. That's good of everybody, to love a man who wears a shabby hat! Mean and miserly, am I? Now, a mean person, my child, is one who saves his money when he ought to be free and generous with it; a miser hoards for the mere sake of hoarding. Do you understand me?

Anna. Oh yes! and I know you do not save for yourself, and so you are not mean and miserly!

Mr. Lovell. But we are poor, Anna; and it is hard for the poor to behave liberally and generously, as the rich can and should do; it is very hard, too, for them to avoid false shame. But we must be true to ourselves and deal honorably with the world, and we *must* rise above false shame. And now I will tell you why I cannot for a long time have a new hat.

Anna. Oh, father, I am so glad I came to talk with you! Do tell me all about it!

Mr. Lovell. There is a man in this town who has become suddenly very poor through no fault of his own—poorer than we are, for his children are crying for bread. He is a high-minded, upright man; and once, when my father was in difficulties and needed a friend, *he* was his friend, and lent him money. Now *he* needs a friend, and I must lend *him* money. What I have he shall have. It would cost me five dollars to buy a new hat; but he needs the five dollars more than I need the hat, for it is to buy bread for his children. To help him I can bear to wear a shabby hat a little longer, and to be called mean and miserly by people who do not know me. Shall you be ashamed to walk with me now, Anna?

Anna. Ashamed! O father! This dear old hat! I love it better than I can ever love a new one; and oh, I am so proud of you, dear father!

XIV.—*COURAGE, BOY, COURAGE!*

I.

YES, courage, boy, courage! and press on thy way;
There is nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear:
Do all which Truth bids thee, and do it to-day;
Hold on to thy purpose, do right, persevere!

II.

Though waves of temptation in anger may roll,
And storm-cloud on storm-cloud hang dark in the sky.
Still courage, boy, courage! there's strength in thy soul;
Believing and doing bring help from on high.

III.

Let joy light thy cheek, then, and hope gild thy brow;
Ne'er parley with wrong, nor ill stay to borrow;
Let thy object be Truth, and thy watchword be Now!
Make sure of to-day, and trust God for to-morrow.

IV.

By deeds of the mighty, who struggled and bled,
Be incited to action, and manfully fight:
Good is worth doing, boy! and, living or dead,
That good shall reward thee with honor and might.

V.

Then courage, boy, courage! there's light in the sky:
Be humble, be active, be honest, be true;
And though hosts may confront, and though foes may decry,
"I've conquered!" at last shall be shouted by you.

XV.—*THE MAGPIE.*

THE magpie is a sort of second-cousin to the crow.
Like that bird, he is a noisy, mischievous creature,
full of cunning tricks, and somewhat inclined to pilfering.
The crow, however, dresses in a full suit of shiny black,

while the magpie is more showily clad. His breast and parts of his wings are as white as snow, while the feathers on his back look like black velvet. All the rest of his plumage is blue, so that, when sleek and clean, as he is when not caged up, our chattering friend looks quite pretty, though, at the same time, a little odd.

2. There are a great many magpies in England, France, and other European countries. They are also found on our own Western prairies beyond the Mississippi; but east of that great river they are rarely seen.

3. The magpie has a queer habit of carrying off and hiding any bright and glittering thing he may chance to see as he goes hopping and skipping about. I have read many stories about his thievish pranks, most of them comical enough, but there is also a very sad one, which has been made use of by a great many story-writers and poets.

4. It is about a poor servant-girl, named Ninette, who was charged with stealing a valuable bracelet from her mistress, the wife of a rich count who lived in Florence, Italy. Ninette was tried, and, as the bracelet could not be found, it was decided that she must have stolen it. She was accordingly sentenced to be put to death, such being the punishment in those days for stealing.

5. Some time afterwards a flash of lightning shattered to pieces a tall pillar that stood in one of the public squares of the city. On the top of this pillar was a statue of Justice, carrying a sword in one hand, and in the other a pair of gilt scales like those you may see on the counters in drug-stores.

6. When the people went to look among the fragments of the broken pillar they found in one of these scales a magpie's nest, and in this nest was the missing bracelet for stealing which Ninette had been killed. Poor girl! Everybody now knew that she was innocent. And this is the story of the "Maid and the Magpie," which has become famous all over the world.

7. The magpie is as brave as he is mischievous, and will

attack even dogs and foxes when he thinks they are too close to his nest. He flies at them in the greatest fury, trying to pick out their eyes, and at the same time keeps up a constant chatter, thus calling upon all his friends to come and help him drive off the intruder.

8. These birds are very busy workers with all their chattering. They put a great deal of work on their nests, which are something wonderful in their way. They are generally built in the tops of high trees, though often a mere bush is chosen as a good place for one. The outside is made of thorny sticks woven together very firmly. Inside they are plastered with mud and lined with dry grass and fibers of plants. The top is rounded over like a dome, and an opening is left as a door on one side. Though the inside of the nest is not more than six inches across, it is sometimes more than two feet across on the outside. To build such a nest takes a pair of magpies nearly two months.

9. An English naturalist once found in a gooseberry-bush a magpie's nest which, as it was in danger of attack from cats, the birds had fortified with a complete barricade of thorns nearly a foot thick, and so strong that it would have taken a man with a hatchet to force a way into it.

10. The magpie readily learns to repeat a few words, "Mag" being the one it seems to be most fond of. I have read of a magpie which belonged to the keeper of a toll-house, and from often hearing travelers make use of them had learned to speak the words "Gate ahoy!" The bird had noticed, too, that when any one shouted these words the keeper's wife went out to open the gate. Putting these things together in his cunning little head, the bird made up a plan for plundering the good woman.

11. On certain days she got ready the dinner in a kitchen from which the toll-gate could not be seen, but the travelers' calls would oblige her to leave all her delicate little bits on the table for a few minutes while she opened the gate. Now the magpie wanted some of these morsels, and

one day when his mistress was getting dinner, the well-known cry, "Gate ahoy!" called her out of the kitchen. To the astonishment of the good woman she saw no traveler, nor was there any mischievous boy in sight who might have played the trick. On going back to the kitchen she saw the magpie pecking with might and main at her eatables.

12. The thief soon made his escape from the angry woman, who did not at first suspect the bird of playing any trick upon her; but when she had been called out two or three times in the same way, the cunning magpie's scheme became plain. The trick amused her so that she could not find it in her heart to hurt the bird, but always afterwards she took good care that he should not disturb her dinner.



XVI.—GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

I.

HE liveth long who liveth well;
 All else is life but flung away:
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

II.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go:
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

III.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor.
 And find a harvest-home of light.

H. BONAR.



XVII.—*THE TWO APPRENTICES.*

TWO boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. His companion liked to go with other boys to have "a good game." "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books; come with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

2. "If I waste my golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I can never make up."

3. While the boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a state-house, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee.

4. In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce worked there.

5. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect; but I have an apprentice by that name."

6. "I should like to see him," said the gentleman.

7. The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

8. The studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in the country. He made a fortune, and stood high in the estimation of everybody; while his fellow-apprentice could hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

XVIII.—*THE LIFE-BOAT.*

I.

MAN the life-boat! man the life-boat!
 Hearts of oak, your succor lend!
 See the shattered vessel stagger;
 Quick, oh, quick, assistance send!

II.

See, they launch the gallant life-boat!
 See, they ply the lusty oar!
 Round them rage the foamy breakers,
 Cheers attend them from the shore.

III.

Now the fragile bark is hanging
On the billows' giddy height;
Now to fearful depths descending,
While we sicken at the sight.

IV.

Courage! courage!—she's in safety;
For again her buoyant form
Mounts and mocks the dashing surges,
Like the petrel in the storm.

V.

With her precious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore;
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing
Those they thought to see no more.

VI.

Blessings on the dauntless spirits,
Dangers thus who nobly brave;
Ready life and limb to venture,
So they may a brother save!

XIX.—*THE LAUNCH.*

I ARRIVED on the ground just in season. A crowd had gathered in the yard, and another crowd was standing or sitting on the wharves or timbers of a neighboring yard, waiting to see the show. In ten minutes she would go off; and in the meanwhile I looked sharply about to see how the thing was done.

2. There was a track built of timbers—a sort of huge wooden railroad—running from the water all along under the ship's bottom, on each side of her keel. It had a slope of nearly an inch to a foot, just enough to make her slide off handsomely.

3. She did not rest directly on these ways, understand. Built up all about her was a curious sort of frame, called

a *cradle*, the bottom timbers of which are called *bilgeways*. These were the runners on which she was to take a ride down the track.

4. She was blocked up by timbers and planks between her bottom and the bilgeways; and these rested on the ways, which had been well greased with tallow, and afterwards, when the tallow was cold, slushed with oil and soft-soap. The under-sides of the bilgeways had also been greased. To prevent her from running off the track, strong hard-wood "ribbons" were fastened to the top of the ways on the outer edge, and well supported by slanting props set in the firm ground.

5. Her entire weight did not rest on the cradle as yet, otherwise there would have been nothing to prevent her from sliding down the slippery track. The piles of blocks on which she had been built were still under her keel, and a few shores on her sides.

6. While I was looking on, the shores were taken away, and the word came to launch, when a number of men on each side, who stood ready with axes, commenced splitting out the top block of each pile.

7. I got a good¹ position at a safe distance on a pile of lumber near the saw-mill. The crowd was perfectly silent, waiting to see the huge thing start; and there was scarcely any noise but the sound of axes, and the puffing of the steam-tugs lying off the yard waiting to catch her as soon as she was launched.

8. "I hope the tugs will do better than they did with the last ship I saw go off," said a man who stood on the boards beside me. "She was a very large ship; the cables parted they undertook to hold her with; she got away, and ran clear across the stream, butted against the navy-yard wall, poked her nose into it fifteen feet, and there stuck."

9. As he had broken the silence, I asked, "Do they always launch stern foremost?"

"Often more than any other way," he said. "Sometimes they launch bow foremost. Very large vessels in narrow

streams have to be launched sideways. The Great Eastern was launched sideways in the Thames."

10. The men had begun splitting out the blocks nearest the water. I supposed they would have to split out the top block on the last pile under the bow before she would start. But half a dozen piles still remained untouched, when suddenly the crowds on each side shouted, "She is going!"

11. The men with the axes sprang away, while the last blocks whirled over beneath her keel, as her weight came down on the bilgeways, and they began to slide. It was a grand sight,—that immense structure, a ship of the largest size, starting slowly at first, then moving off faster and faster, striking the water, and throwing up a great wave as she plunged in!

12. You never heard heartier cheers! I cheered and swung my hat till everybody else was done, I was so excited. The tugs held her, and then we cheered again. Everybody likes to see a great enterprise carried out with such perfect success; and building and launching such a vessel is one of the grandest.

13. There were a few gentlemen and ladies aboard of her when she went off; and how I envied them! Yet people said the sight was better from the shore.

14. Well, it was all over; and what astonished me as much as anything was the hole she made in that yard after she had gone off. Imagine a meeting-house in a village square suddenly disappearing, leaving it vacant, and a crowd of people around the spot where it stood, and you will have some idea of it.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

EXERCISE.

1. A *multitude* had assembled in the yard.
2. The track had an *incline* to make her *glide* off *gracefully*.
3. The *props* were taken away and the *order* came to launch.
4. The *concourse* of people was *entirely still*.
5. The *large ropes* broke they *tried* to hold her with.
6. You never heard *louder shouts*.

XX.—*SLEIGHING SONG.*

I.

AWAY! away! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The winter winds are sleeping;
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent, over all,
Her silent watch is keeping.

II.

Away! away! our hearts are gay,
And need not breathe, by night or day,
A sigh for summer pleasure;
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout,
And laugh in happy measure.

III.

Away! away! across the plain
We sweep as sea-birds skim the main,
Our pulses gayly leaping;
The stars are bright, the track is white,
There's joy in every heart to-night,
While winter winds are sleeping.

EMILY H. MILLER.

XXI.—*FIRST HOURS IN THE COUNTRY.*

TOM STEWART was the only son of a wealthy Boston merchant. He had passed all his life in the city home, his country experience being limited to summer excursions with his parents to some fashionable resort.

2. Close confinement to study, and lack of good hearty exercise, had begun to show their effects upon Tom; and, although a tall, handsome boy of fourteen, he was pale and slender as a girl. It was to put color into his cheeks. and

strength and vigor into his whole frame, that Mr. Stewart had sent him for the summer to share the country sports of his cousins.

3. Tom was quite homesick the first evening at the farmhouse, and had but little appetite for the fresh biscuits and baked apples and cream his aunt Merton had prepared for his supper. Even the kind attention of his cousin Rose failed to cheer him up, and he was glad when the time came to take his candle and go up stairs to the neat little chamber he was to occupy during the summer.

4. When Tom waked the next morning all the homesickness of the previous evening fell back heavy on his heart. He thought he never could and never would like the country or anything about it.

5. But by the time he was ready to go down to breakfast, the fresh air and clear morning sunlight began to exercise an exhilarating effect upon his spirits. Hal was whistling a lively tune out under the elm, and Rose was singing as she sat at work on the front doorstep.

6. "Good-morning, Tom!" said she. "Are you rested yet? Mother has saved breakfast for you, and I guess that by this time you must be very hungry."

7. "Have you had breakfast already?" asked Tom.

8. "Oh yes, of course," said Rose, with a merry laugh, "several hours ago. But never mind. You will soon grow accustomed to country hours, and rise with the earliest."

9. Tom ate his breakfast with a good appetite, and then went out under the elm to see what his cousin Hal was doing.

10. Hal was sitting on a large flat rock, and seemed to be very busy over something, but he looked up as Tom approached.

11. "Come and help me, Tom," said he; "I caught my net in the bushes yesterday, and am trying to mend it."

12. "Your net, Hal! Are you going fishing?"

13. "Oh no, not to-day. Besides, do you suppose I could



catch fish with this gauzy thing? You will learn better than that before you have been here many weeks."

14. "What are you going to do with it, then?"

15. "Well, you see, our class in school are just commencing the study of *Lepidop'tera*, and—"

16. "Study of what?" interrupted Tom.

17. "Why, don't you know? The study of butterflies and moths. We catch specimens and take them to our school-teacher, who tells us all about them."

18. "Why, do you really catch them in nets?"

19. "Yes. I was out hunting all day yesterday, but I had n't any luck at all, though I chased a dozen all over the fields. You see we have to begin hunting early in the season, because the various kinds of butterflies appear in different months, and it's already time for the earliest to be creeping out. Those which come latest in the autumn crawl into the cracks of barns and sheds, and sometimes into piles of wood, and live there through the winter, and it is to hunt for these that I am going out to-morrow."

20. "What do you do with the butterflies when you have caught them?" asked Tom.

21. "Oh, you'll see. Rose will make you a net, and then you can go hunting with me. A few tramps over the mountain will do you good. As you look now, I wouldn't give much for you among us country boys at any sort of a game."

22. Tom was at first inclined to resent this uncomplimentary speech. Though of slighter form than Hal, he was already quite expert in gymnastic games, and his muscles were firm and nervous. But, as he looked at his stout and sturdy cousin, he thought it best not to boast too loudly.

23. Mending the torn net proved to be too nice a job for Hal's skill, and the boys went into the house to ask Rose's assistance.

24. Of course Tom must have a net too, so Hal immediately set to work upon the frame. He took a common flat barrel-hoop, and slit off a strip about a quarter of an inch in width; of this he made a hoop about a foot in diameter, which he bound with a wire to a light hickory rod of the thickness of a parasol handle and about three feet long.

25. When he had completed his frame, Rose took a circular piece of mosquito-netting, about three quarters of a yard in diameter, and bound it firmly to the hoop, and the net was finished.

26. Butterfly-nets can be bought ready made; but any boy who is handy with his knife can make his own. The frame should be light, so as not to fatigue the hand, and at the same time strong enough to endure a good deal of rough work among the bushes.

27. A piece of ratan from an old umbrella makes a good hoop; and nothing is better for the handle than a farmer's goad-stick or wooden whip, which is light, strong, and not too elastic. Great attention should be paid to joining the handle to the hoop. If this is not firmly done, the frame

may come in two when you are in hot pursuit of butterflies; and if you have not with you the means of repairing the damage, you may lose the whole day's sport.

XXII.—*THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.*

AN early spring morning in New England possesses a sweet charm of its own, unequaled in any other part of the world. The warm rays of the sun melt the deep winter snows, and send merry rivulets dancing and sparkling down every hillside. The meadows are wet and soft, and all the hollows are miniature lakes, by which the green grass already shoots up in tall, slender spires. Along the roadside, and under the stone walls, the dingy snow-banks waste rapidly away, giving place to banks of emerald turf and delicate wayside flowers.

2. It was one of these sweet mornings that Hal, with his net and box and bottle of ether, started out with Tom to hunt for the first spring butterfly, the *Antiopa*, which, after living all winter in old buildings or wood-piles, creeps out to die in the warm April sunshine.

3. "Are we going to tramp all over the wet, splashy meadows?" asked Tom.

4. "Oh no," answered Hal, "not to-day. But you need n't look so fearfully at the wet fields, for long before summer is over I shall go straight through mud and water, and so will you. To-day we will only hunt round the barns and wood-shed, although Mr. Benedict says the *Antiopa* is found in warm, sunny places in the woods."

5. "Who is Mr. Benedict?"

6. "He is our teacher. A real jolly man he is, too, and all the boys like him. But why didn't you bring your net?"

7. "Rose has not finished it yet. I shall catch about as much with the net in her work-basket as if I had it out here."

8. "Don't say that, Tom. But as your hands are empty, you may as well carry my box."

9. "You don't expect to fill this big box to-day, do you?"

10. "The box will hold *one*, if I have the luck to catch it," said Hal, laughing. "But, you see, perhaps we shall hunt for nothing all day. Butterfly-hunting takes just as much patience and skill as fishing, only it is more active sport."

11. While they were talking, the two boys walked leisurely along through the back yard of Mr. Merton's house. They climbed over the bars, and went down the lane to the barn.

12. "Hal, what are you going to do with this ether?" asked Tom. "The smell makes me feel as if I was going to have a tooth pulled."

13. "I am going to serve the butterflies just as the dentist serves you," replied Hal. "Soon as I catch one, I put a drop of this to its nose, and put it to sleep, so that it will feel no pain; then I fasten it with a pin to one of those pieces of cork you see in the box. I put the butterflies to sleep before taking them from the net, or else they would flutter and struggle so as to destroy all the delicate down on their wings. But you shall see. Come along."

14. The noon sun had spread its full glory of warmth and light through the air, and the boys stepped very cautiously, for Hal said they might find a butterfly hovering over any of the old logs that lay scattered about in the grass.

15. "Keep a little behind me, Tom," said Hal, "for the Antiope are very shy, and if I see one lighted I want to throw my net over it before anything starts it. This kind fly very high, and it is n't easy to chase them."

16. "Why, Hal, I thought you had just begun to study Lepi— What do you call it? But you seem to know all about the habits of the butterflies now."

17. "Of course I have had to study some before begin-

ning to catch them," replied Hal; "and, besides, last autumn I hunted and found a few, but I was awkward then, and tore them all to pieces trying to arrange them on the corks. Stop! stop! There's one lighted on that old log."

18. Hal stole softly along and threw his net, but the beautiful insect floated up over the roof of the barn, and finally lighted far above Hal's reach.

19. Hal did not stop to reply to Tom's loud ringing laugh, but went on quietly looking for more butterflies, turning every now and then to see whether the first one had flown from the roof. It soon darted off over the other side of the building, and Hal chased after it, leaving his cousin behind. Very soon Tom heard Hal calling for the box and ether.

20. When Tom came up, Hal had gathered the net up into a bundle, confining the insect in a small space. He was holding it very carefully to keep it quiet until he could put it to sleep with a drop of ether. Tom held the bottle, while Hal with a delicate brush dropped a little ether on the butterfly's head.

21. The insect soon ceased moving, and Hal then fastened it by means of a long, slender pin to one of the corks in his box, and spread out its wings so as to show all the beauty and variety of the colors.

22. "You punch it with that ugly pin as if it was dead instead of asleep," said Tom.

23. "Yes, I know I do; and perhaps it is dead," replied Hal, all the while busily arranging the wings before they grew stiff and brittle. "Sometimes they wake up," he continued, "and then I have to give them another dose of ether."

24. It was now nearly time for dinner, and the boys turned to go into the house. In the yard Hal succeeded in catching two more butterflies of the same kind.

25. "Why do you keep so many just alike?" asked Tom.

26. "The specimens are not always perfect," answered

Hal; "and then we want a pair in our collection. The female is always larger and more beautiful in color than the male. Besides, with many butterflies the under side is quite as interesting to examine as the upper. So we catch all we can, and afterwards select the finest specimens to keep."

The boys stopped to show their specimens to Rose, who was waiting for them in the doorway. All three then went in to dinner.

—◆—
HELEN S. CONANT.

XXIII.—THE WIND AND THE BREEZE.

I.

A MIGHTY wind went raging by—
It was a wondrous sight;
Stout trees bent down their branches high,
Dark clouds of dust whirled through the sky,
And naught around me could I spy,
But trophies of its might.

II.

A little breeze passed gently o'er—
I scarcely heard its tread;
Yet freshness to the flowers it bore,
And through the open cottage-door,
Their fragrance floated in once more,
Around the sick man's head.

III.

Then thought I, it were grand, I know,
The strong, proud wind to be;
But, better far, subdued to go,
Along the path of human woe,
Like the mild breeze, so soft and low,
In its sweet ministry.

EXERCISE.

1. A strong wind went furious by.
2. Nothing around me could I see but evidences of its might.
3. It carried freshness to the blossoms.
4. Their perfume was wafted in again.
5. It is better to go with mildness along the path of sorrow.

XXIV.—*LEARNING TO SWIM.*

IT was June when Lawrence came to the pond-side to live. His uncle's house stood on a high green bank; and his aunt gave him an attic room with a window that looked out upon the water. The winding shores were fringed with flags and willows, or overhung by shady groves; and all around were orchards and gardens and meadows.

2. A happy boy was Lawrence, for he was passionately fond of the water, and he had never lived so near a pond before. The scene from his window was never twice the same. Sometimes the pond was like glass, mirroring the sky and the still trees. Sometimes light breezes swept over it, and sail-boats rode the dancing waves.

3. Then there were the evenings, when clouds of the loveliest colors floated above it, and the moon rose and silvered it; and the mornings, when all the splendors of the new-risen sun were reflected into Lawrence's chamber.

4. Whenever he had a leisure hour—for he went to school, and worked in the garden—he was to be seen rambling by the shore, or rowing away in his uncle's boat; and he found that the faithful performance of his tasks made his sports all the sweeter to him.

5. As children who play about the water are always in more or less danger of falling into it, Lawrence's uncle had lost no time in teaching him to swim.

6. "The first thing for you to learn," said the doctor—for his uncle was a physician—"is confidence. Plunge your head under water."

7. Lawrence did so, and came up with dripping hair and face, gasping. The doctor made him repeat the exercise until he neither gasped nor choked.

8. "That does not hurt you, does it? No. Neither will it hurt you if you sink to the bottom, for you can hold your breath; the water is shallow, and, besides, I am here to help you. Now try to take a single stroke, just as the frogs do.

Throw yourself boldly off your feet, and don't be afraid of sinking."

9. Lawrence, after considerable hesitation, tried the experiment, and found that he could swim a single stroke, and come down upon his feet again without drowning. He tried it again and again, delighted at his success.

10. "That will do for this lesson," said his uncle. "You have been long enough in the water. Swimming is fine exercise for boys, and the bath is good for them; but they often make the mistake of staying too long in the water. Especially at first you must be careful; after you get used to it, you can stay in longer. Never go in when you are heated; or if you do, come out again immediately, and continue exercising, so as to keep the pores of your skin open."

11. Lawrence learned, in his next lesson, to swim two strokes, and in a few days he could swim a rod. His uncle then taught him how to dive.

11. "You must avoid falling flat on the water; for if you do so, from any great height, it will beat the breath out of your body almost as suddenly as if you struck a board. Learn to keep your eyes open under water. Some persons' nostrils are so large that the water gets into their heads when they dive; if that is the case with yours, it will be well to stuff a little cotton into them."

13. Lawrence found no trouble of that kind. He was soon able to dive, and pick up pebbles, and to swim beneath the surface.

EXERCISE.

1. The pond was like glass *reflecting the canopy of heaven.*
2. Clouds of the *most beautiful hues* floated above it.
3. Sometimes *gentle winds blew* over it.
4. The moon *ascended and made it bright.*
5. He was to be seen *strolling by the bank.*
6. *Doing his work* made his *plays* all the sweeter to him.
7. The first thing for you to learn is *self-reliance.*
8. Come out again *instantly* and *keep on exercising.*

XXV.—*LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.*

I.

BENEATH the hill you may see the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

II.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

III.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

IV.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

V.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And he was little when he was old.

VI.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back,
As thick as the miller and quite as long.

VII.

Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest.

VIII.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

IX.

And then 'twas whispered mournfully
The leech* had come and he was dead,
And all the neighbors flocked to see;
"Poor Little Jerry" was all they said.

* Leech, a doctor.

X.

They laid him in his earthly bed—
 His miller's coat his only shroud—
 "Dust to dust," the parson said,
 And all the people wept aloud.

XI.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
 And not a grain of over-toll
 Had ever dropped into his bin,
 To weigh upon his parting soul.

XII.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
 Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

J. G. SAXE.

XXVI.—*A DOG SAVING A SHIP.*

A FEW years ago a sea-captain of Massachusetts, who was in Havre, in France, obtained there a fine little rat terrier, which he called "Neptune," to be a companion on his voyage. Little Neptune soon learned to like the vessel, and he would run up the ladders like a little sailor, though he could not come down without help.

2. After the vessel had been at sea some weeks or months, when they began to approach land, before it could be seen by the men, Nep. would mount high up on the fore part of the ship, and snuff, and snuff, and bark, and show signs of joy. His keen scent enabled him to smell the land before it could be seen. He would also detect the approach of another ship when he could not see it, in the same way.

3. When Nep. had been to sea with his master about two years, the Hortensia (that was the vessel's name) had been to New Orleans for a load of cotton, and was on her way out to the Gulf of Mexico, into the Atlantic Ocean. For some days there had been squally weather, with light,

baffling winds, and the vessel had not sailed very rapidly, but she was in a dangerous neighborhood, and a constant watch was necessary; for along the coast of Florida are long, low reefs, and islands, and bars, which have caused the destruction of many vessels.

4. It had been the captain's watch in the early part of the night—that is, the captain, with a few men, remained upon the deck while the rest slept; then the others, at the sound of the bell, came upon deck, the mate took charge of the ship, the men who had been watching went below, and the captain, after telling the mate to call him before three o'clock, went below and turned into his berth to sleep. Nep. lay at his master's state-room door, for that was his sleeping-place.

5. There lies in the Florida Straits a large and dangerous rock called the "Double-headed Shot Keys." A lighthouse is built upon it, that vessels may be kept from running upon it in the night.

6. "Be sure to call me by three o'clock," said the captain, "as by that time we shall be up with the Double-headed Shot Keys; and sooner if there is a change of weather."

7. The night wore on, and all was still but the splashing of water. The mate went below to get something from his chest, sat down upon it a few minutes, and, before he knew it, was fast asleep. The men on deck, receiving no orders, supposed all was right, and one by one they too fell asleep. No one was awake but a little Spanish boy, whose turn it was to be at the wheel—that is, the helm, where they steer the vessel.

8. Meantime the wind changed, a stiff breeze sprang up, the sails were filled, and the *Hortensia* ploughed through the ocean briskly, straight towards the Double-headed Shot Keys. The little Spanish boy, half asleep at the helm, knew not of the danger, neither could he see ahead from where he stood, for the great sails concealed the view of the lighthouse. But Nep., the good sailor that he was,

discovered that land was near; he smelt it and he saw the light. He rushed down to his master's state-room. and barked and jumped up to him as he lay in his berth.

9. "Get down! be still, Nep.!" said the sleepy captain. But Nep. would not be still—he only barked the louder. "Be still!" said the captain again; and he pushed the dog away. Again the faithful little fellow jumped up, pulled his master's sleeve, and took hold of his arm with his teeth.

10. Then the captain, thoroughly roused, began to think something must be the matter. He sprang up, and Nep. ran forward, barking, to the companion-way. The captain's head no sooner came above the deck than he saw what was the matter. Right ahead was the fearful rock, and the lighthouse, and the ship plunging towards it at the rate of nine miles an hour.

11. He seized the helm; the ship struggled, swung round, and, when her course was shifted, she was so near the rock that in a few minutes more she would have struck and been a wreck. The sleeping sailors were roused to their duty, and the astonished mate rose up from his nap on his chest, to learn that but for the faithful dog the waves might have already closed over them.

12. Do you wonder that the captain thinks his dog is worth his weight in gold? He has been offered large sums of money for him, but money cannot buy him. He does not go to sea now. Nep. went as long as his master did, and now makes himself quietly useful at home by catching all the rats in the neighborhood. May he live to a good old age, the pet and admiration of all who know him!

EXERCISE.

1. When they *came near* land the dog would bark.
2. He would *discover* the approach of another *vessel*.
3. For some days there had been *stormy* weather.
4. They were in *an unsafe* neighborhood.
5. The captain *staid* on deck while the mate *slumbered*.
6. The ship *made way* through the sea *rapidly*.

XXVII.—*MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.*

I.

MRS. GRAMMAR once gave a fine ball
To the nine different parts of our speech;
To the short and the tall,
To the stout and the small,
There were pies, plums, and puddings for each.

II.

And first little Articles came,
In a hurry to make themselves known,—
Fat *A*, *An*, and *The*;
But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

III.

Then Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand;
Rough, rougher, and roughest,
Tough, tougher, and toughest,
Fat, merry, good-natured, and grand.

IV.

The Nouns were indeed on their way,
Tens of thousands, and more I should think;
For each name that we utter,
Shop, shoulder, or shutter,
Is a Noun; *lady, lion, or link.*

V.

The Pronouns were hastening fast
To push the Nouns out of their places;
I, thou, he, and she,
You, it, they, and we,
With their sprightly intelligent faces.

VI.

Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!
A great crowd is coming in view!"

To *light* and to *smite*,
To *fight* and to *bite*,
To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

VII.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind as their footmen they run;
As thus, "to fight *badly*,"
And "run *away gladly*,"
Show how fighting and running were done.

VIII.

Prepositions came, *in*, *by*, and *near*;
With *Conjunctions*, a wee little band,
As *either* you or he,
But *neither* I nor she;
They held their great friends by the hand.

IX.

Then, too, with a *hip*, *hip*, *hurrah*!
Rushed in Interjections uproarious;
Dear me! *well-a-day!*
When they saw the display,
"*Ha! Ha!*" they all shouted out, "*glorious!*"

X.

But, alas! what misfortunes were nigh!
While the fun and the feasting pleased each,
Pounced on them at once
A monster—a Dunce!
And confounded the Nine Parts of Speech!

XI.

Help! friends! to the rescue! on you
For aid Verb and Article call;
Oh! give your protection
To poor Interjection,
Noun, Pronoun, Conjunction, and all!

XXVIII.—*FLOWERS AND THEIR STORIES.*

"IT is pleasant sitting out here, mamma, with birds singing and flowers smelling so sweetly all around us. And see, I have gathered quite a large bunch of violets for you. I wonder, now, if you wouldn't tell me something about them, for I begin to think everything has its story, if we only knew it."

2. "One of the stories that I know about these sweet little flowers is as simple and true as themselves. It is that of Jean Bertram,* a young American farmer, who had always been content to follow the plough, without taking any notice of the beautiful country around him. One day, however, he happened to pick up a little bunch of violets. Their odor pleased him so much that he began to look closer, to admire, and then to compare them with the other flowers which he passed.

3. "He at last took so much interest in the difference of plants, that he borrowed a few books on the subject, learned Latin to study them better, and, finally, gave up ploughing, and became a very celebrated botanist,—all, as he afterwards said, from the looking at that one little root of violets."

4. "I knew the violet must have some story. I think it is such a favorite with everybody."

5. "It always has been; the Greeks dedicated it to their goddess Athena, and, as usual, invented a pretty fable about the origin of this modest flower. They said that as Apollo (one of the heathen deities) was playing at quoits with Hyacinthus,† Prince of Sparta, a pretty youth, whom he dearly loved, the wind caught one of the quoits and flung it against the boy's head, who fell dying to the ground. Each drop of blood that sank into the earth sprang up again a sweet and scented violet.

* Pronounced Jeen Ber'-tram.

† Pron. Hy-a-sin'-thus.

“As one of their poets has written :

‘Behold, the blood which late the grass has dyed
Was now no blood; from there a powerful bloom,
Far brighter than the Tyrian purple, shone.’

6. “The Romans also loved it, and placed a wreath of violets on their dead.”

7. “I think that these Romans were very fond of wreaths of flowers.”

8. “Yes; one pretty custom was, that when a baby was born, a wreath of the wild olive was hung over the cradle; but over a little girl’s they twined wool, to show that when she grew up she must be a good housewife. When she became a young girl, she might wear a myrtle-wreath on grand occasions, which after her marriage she would exchange for a garland of the bright red poppies, to show how bright and happy her days had become.

9. “Speaking of their beauty, we must not forget what useful things flowers and plants are. I don’t know, I’m sure, how the world would get on without them.”

10. “Useful, mamma! I thought they were only to look at.”

11. “No; their real use often begins when they are withered and faded, and when they have done pleasing the eye. Many people touch no other medicine than the roots and leaves they gather in the fields, ground into powder or soaked into tea. By constant observation they know for what particular disease each plant is a remedy, and that often saves country people having to send many miles for a doctor.”

12. “Oh, I know, mamma! I’ve seen the old women make herb tea in the spring, only I never thought you meant that sort of medicine. Mrs. Hall once asked me to bring her some ground ivy and chickweed to strengthen her eyes with.”

13. “There’s another thing you’ve seen Mrs. Hall do with the flowers of the field—make nice cowslip wine, and elderberry, and other cordials, to warm up for old

folks on a winter night. Clever chemists can get beautiful colors and scents from these little buds. The contents of Frank's paint-box, for instance, owe half their brightness to the field flowers. His new stockings, of which he seems so proud, owe their color to the indigo plant. And as to you, Maggie, almost all you have on was once part of the little blue flax, or linum. Even the threads which hold your clothes together are only the twisted fibers of the same little plant. Indeed, I could number so many things that we owe to the field plants, that you would be tired of listening.

14. "I have often watched the habits of flowers, and marveled at the differences between them. Almost all go to sleep, more or less. Some shut their leaves up at night, and open them in the daylight. This morning, when I looked out, there seemed to be not one daisy in the fields, but by breakfast-time thousands of their little pink faces were turned up, staring, open-eyed, at the sun. They always look up early, as *day's eyes* ought to do."

15. "Oh, then, that's why the bed of tulips all look dead at night, and yet seem brighter than ever next morning. They've only been to sleep, after all."

16. "That's it; and they are in such a hurry sometimes, that even flies or bees who may be getting their supper inside them are shut up and kept prisoners till morning. Some flowers seem so fast asleep that they hang their heads and nod them about as though they might be dreaming, though a few sleep at day and only wake up at night, like the sweet evening primrose.

17. "The common yellow dandelion shuts up if it is too warm, and its friend the buttercup drops its face if it rains, for fear of the water settling in its cup and spoiling it; while the little scarlet pimpernel (which you will find about our fields in any quantity) is called the shepherd's weather-clock, because it always foretells if rain or a change for wet weather is near. I have often tried it, and never known it fail to be right. It is always open enough in

bright, clear weather, but covers its rosy face when it sees the clouds coming."

18. "I wonder what is the name of the largest flower that grows, and if it is a very big one. I should like to get one for papa's button-hole; he always says I bring him such little ones."

19. "To get that you would have to go to India and inquire for the *Rafflesia*.* I think you would be rather astonished at its appearance, though you might not like the smell of it."

20. "*Rafflesia*! what an odd name! And has it very large leaves too?"

21. "No; one of the remarkable things about it is that it has no leaves at all, and leaves, you know, are the lungs of flowers; without them they can't breathe. These kinds of plants are called parasites, because, instead of growing out of the ground, they grow on other plants, and breathe through their leaves.

22. "Well, this flower has a long thin stem; at one end grows the flower, and the other springs out of a wild vine, perhaps, and twists and climbs in and out among the huge forest trees. Its buds look like cabbages, which go on gradually enlarging for about three months, the flowers expanding until they are more than a yard across. The cup in the middle is about a foot wide, and would hold twelve pints of water—rather a troublesome nosegay, Maggie, for it weighs about fifteen pounds; so it would scarcely do for papa's button-hole, though it is so handsome."

C. L. MATTEAUX.

EXERCISE.

1. He *chanced* to pick up a *small cluster* of violets.
2. Apollo, one of the *pagan gods*, was playing at quoits.
3. *See*, the blood which *recently* has colored the grass.
4. I have often *observed* the habits of flowers.
5. I have *wondered* at the differences between them.
6. I think you would be *surprised* at its looks.

* Pronounced Raf-flē'-zhe-a.

XXIX.—*MY FRIEND IN THE WOOD.*

I.

METHOUGHT a thrush upon a tree
Sweetly sang one day to me,
"Poet, poet, hear me, hear me!"
"Hear thee," I at once replied;
"Honest fellow, ay, with pride."
And then he poured out such a tide
Of joy to cheer me.

II.

"Happy, happy bird!" said I,
"Ever would I linger by."
"Poet, poet, hear me, hear me!"
Loud and louder yet he sang,
Till the distant woodlands rang
With his wild and merry clang,
And all to cheer me.

CAPERN.

XXX.—*THE STORY OF SOME HOT WATER.*

ABOUT two hundred years ago, a man, bearing the title of the Marquis of Worcester, was sitting, on a cold night, in a small mean room, before a blazing fire. This was in Ireland, and the man was a prisoner. A kettle of boiling water was on the fire, and he sat watching the steam, as it lifted the lid of the kettle and rushed out of the nose.

2. He thought of the power of the steam, and wondered what would be the effect if he were to fasten down the lid and stop up the nose. He concluded that the effect would be to burst the kettle. "How much power, then," thought he, "there must be in steam!"

3. As soon as he was let out of prison he tried an experiment. "I have taken," he writes, "a cannon, and filled it three quarters full of water, stopping firmly up both the vent and the mouth, and, having made a good fire

under it, within twenty-four hours it burst and made a great crack." After this, the marquis contrived a rude machine, which, by the power of steam, drove up water to the height of forty feet.



4. About one hundred years after this, a little boy, whose name was James Watt, and who lived in Scotland, sat one day looking at a kettle of boiling water, and holding a spoon before the steam that rushed out of the nose.

5. His aunt thought he was idle, and said, "Is it not a shame for you to waste your time so?" But James was not idle: he was thinking of the power of the steam in moving the spoon.

6. James grew to be a good and great man, and contrived

those wonderful improvements in the steam-engine which have made it so useful in our day.

7. What will not the steam-engine do? It propels, it elevates, it lowers, it pumps, it drains, it pulls, it drives, it blasts, it digs, it cuts, it saws, it planes, it bores, it blows, it forges, it hammers, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it cards, it spins, it winds, it weaves, it coins, it prints; and it does more things than I can think of.

8. If it could speak, it might say,—

“I blow the bellows, I forge the steel;
I manage the mill and the mint;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
And the news that you read I print.”

9. In the year 1807, Robert Fulton, an American, put the first steamboat on the Hudson River, and in 1829 a locomotive steam-carriage went over a railroad in England.

10. And this is the story of some hot water. From so small a beginning as the steam of a tea-kettle resulted the steam-engine, the steamboat, and the locomotive engine, by which the trains of cars are moved with such speed on our railroads.

11. Learn what the power of thought will do. How many men had looked at kettles of boiling water, but how few thought of the force of the steam, and the good uses to which it might be turned!



XXXI.—“*LOOK ALOFT.*”

I.

THE ship-boy was clambering up the high mast,
When a glance on the deck far below him he cast;
His head swam with fear, and thick came his breath,
“Look aloft!” cried a sailor, and saved him from death.

II.

So do you, boy—since up life’s rough hill you must go,
And see the steep precipice far down below,
Pause not to gaze over it, raise up your head,
“Look aloft, look aloft!” and in safety you’ll tread.

III.

When you find in yourself some low, petty desire,
 Feel cowardly, weak, lacking strength to aspire;
 Take a noble example, don't stand still and fret,
 "Look aloft, boy, aloft!" you may grow to it yet.

IV.

When, spite of all efforts, misfortune shall come,
 Or sorrow shall darken your life or your home;
 Raise your head and your heart with hope and with prayer
 "Look aloft, look aloft, boy!" no sorrow is there.



XXXII.—THE THREE COLORS.

THERE was a quarrel; red and blue and yellow stood
 in open defiance, each of the other two.

2. "Acknowledge me chief!" said red. "I am the emblem of charity. All that is warm, and redolent of comfort and kindness, is arrayed on my tints. I rest on this rose, and claim precedence."*

3. "Acknowledge *me* chief!" said blue. "I am the emblem of truth. All that is high and pure and just wears my hue. I rise and shine from yonder sky, and claim precedence."

4. "Acknowledge *me* chief!" said yellow. "I am the emblem of light and glory. Kings are crowned, palaces glitter, with my lustrous color. Receive me, O Sun! to thee I call, and claim precedence."

5. "Ah, my children," said the sun, "the very heavens weep at your disunion. Be reconciled, I pray, and show your strength of beauty where it must ever be—in harmony."

6. They rose at the entreaty, and embraced in the tearful clouds; and the sun shone out on them, and glorious in loveliness was the rainbow they made.

MRS. PROSSER.

* Pronounced pre-ceed'-ence.

XXXIII.—*A SUMMER MORNING'S SONG*

I.

UP, sleeper! dreamer! up, for now
 There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
 There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
 The dew-drops shine on floweret bells,
 The village clock of morning tells.
 Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
 And dingles* teem with shadows

II.

Up! to the fields! through shine and shower,
 What hath the dull and drowsy hour
 So blest as this? the glad heart leaping
 To hear morn's early song sublime;
 The earth rejoicing in its prime:
 The summer is the waking time,
 The winter time for sleeping.

III.

The very beast that crops the flower
 Hath welcome for the dawning hour.
 Aurora smiles! her beck'nings claim thee;
 Listen—look round—the chirp, the hum,
 Song, low, and bleat—there's nothing dumb—
 All love, all life. Come, slumberer, come!
 The meanest thing shall shame thee.

XXXIV.—*HALF THE PROFIT.*

A NOBLEMAN, who resided at a castle a long way from the sea-shore, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. There was abundance of meats, game, and fruits, for the important occasion, but no fish, as the sea had been very boisterous.

2. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot. Joy was in the castle, and the fisherman was brought with his prize

* Dingles—dales or valleys.

into the saloon where the nobleman stood in the presence of his visitors.

3. "A fine fish," said the nobleman. "Fix your own price; you shall be paid at once. How much do you ask?"

4. "Not a penny, my lord; I will not take money. One hundred lashes on my bare back is the price of my fish. I will not abate one lash from the number."

5. The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but the fisherman was resolute; they reasoned with him in vain.

6. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, this fellow has a strange whim, but the fish we must have. But lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

7. After fifty lashes had been given, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman; "I have a partner in this business, and it is right that he should receive his share."

8. "What! are there two such fools in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman. "Where is he to be found? Name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

9. "You need not go far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your own gate, in the shape of your own porter. He would not admit me until I promised that he should have half of whatever I should get for my turbot."

10. "Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall certainly receive his half with the strictest justice!"

11. The porter was accordingly brought, and had to submit to his share of the bargain. He was then discharged from the nobleman's service, and the fisherman was amply rewarded.

EXERCISE.

1. The sea has been very *stormy*.
2. A fisherman came with a *halibut*.
3. He was brought with his *fish* into the *reception-room*.
4. I will not *lessen* one *stroke* from the number.
5. This *person* has a *queer notion*.

XXXV.—NAMING THE SHIP.

CHILD AND BOATMAN.

Boatman. Look you now,
This vessel's off the stocks, a tidy craft.

Child. A schooner, Martin?

Boatman. No, boy, no; a brig,
Only she's schooner-rigged,—a lovely craft.

Child. Is she for me? Oh, thank you, Martin, dear!
What shall I call her?

Boatman. Well, sir, what you please

Child. Then write on her "The Eagle."

Boatman. Bless the child!
Eagle! why, you know naught of eagles, you.
When we lay off the coast, up Canada way,
And chanced to be ashore when twilight fell,
That was the place for eagles; bald they were,
With eyes as yellow as gold.

Child. Oh, Martin, dear,
Tell me about them.

Boatman. Tell! there's naught to tell,
Only they snored o' nights and frightened us.

Child. Snored?

Boatman. Ay, I tell you, snored; they slept upright
In the great oaks by scores; as true as time,
If I'd had aught upon my mind just then,
I wouldn't have walked that wood for unknown gold;
It was most awful. When the moon was full,
I've seen them fish at night, in the middle watch,
When she got low. I've seen them plunge like stones,
And come up fighting with a fish as long,
Ay, longer than my arm; and they would sail
Over the deck, and show their fell, fierce eyes,
And croon for pleasure, hug their prey, and speed
Grand as a frigate on a wind.

Child. My ship,
She must be called "The Eagle" after these.

JEAN INGELOW.



XXXVI.—*THE PET FAWN.*

IN the western part of New York, many years ago, before that part of the country was as thickly settled as now, my father lived in a little square house just on the border of the woods. People used to hunt a great deal in those woods.

2. One day when my father was hunting the deer, he suddenly came upon a little fawn asleep. He went towards it very softly, and succeeded in getting hold of the little fellow before he had time to escape.

3. He carried it home in his arms, and, strange as it may seem, the fawn did not appear much alarmed; and after a few days of petting and care, he was as much at home in my father's house as he could have been in the woods.

4. He was of a beautiful fawn color, with a white spot on his breast, and my father used to say he wore white stockings. He had a most affectionate, loving nature, and was devoted to my father, following him wherever he went.

5. It seemed strange that he should care so much more for his master than for any one else, for my mother took almost the entire care of him, and was the one who always fed him. But, notwithstanding, neither she nor any one else could ever call him away from my father.

6. He would play with my mother in the garden, and run after her from room to room if his master was away; but as soon as he appeared, the fawn seemed to consider it his duty to remain near him, and he would only leave my father long enough to get his supper and at once return.

7. Sunday mornings the fawn was always shut up at church-time, for fear he might follow his master. Generally he appeared quite satisfied with the society of the family; but once in a while he would seem to remember that his own family lived in the wood, and would evidently feel a desire to visit them.

8. So he would spend sometimes the whole day in the wood, but always came home before my father did. Almost always some two or three of the wild deer would escort him, on his way home, as far as the edge of the wood, quite within sight of the house. But they never ventured fairly out of the forest.

9. Sometimes it seemed almost as if the fawn was urging his friends to visit him. He would play with them, just inside the wood, every now and then springing out into the road, and then standing and waiting for them. But the others evidently did not dare to follow, though often they seemed quite undecided whether they should or not.

10. Father felt sure some day he would bring one of the little creatures home with him, but I never heard of one's coming.

11. Father bought him a pretty collar, with a small silver

bell attached to it, so you could hear the little fellow long before you could see him.

12. One Sunday morning, before going to church, my father, as usual, called the fawn, to shut him up. But the little fellow was nowhere to be found, and though my father went some distance down the road and listened, he could not hear the bell. So he decided the fawn must be visiting his fawn friends, though this was the first Sunday he had left his master to go off anywhere.

13. The family went to church, however, without giving the fawn another thought. It being a very warm day, the church-doors were all fastened wide open. In the middle of a long and rather dull sermon, my father was aroused by the sound, in the dim distance, of the little silver bell.

14. Nearer and nearer it came, and soon the congregation heard it, and still nearer it came. To the church-steps—to the door—and finally the tinkling of the little bell sounded up the broad aisle.

15. The pews in those days were made so high that it was impossible to see over them. So no one but my dismayed father could imagine what the disturbance was; he, poor man, knew but too well. However, he could do nothing but sit still and wait for the result.

16. On the little fellow came, till he found his master's pew, and as the door happened to be open, he walked in, and lay down quietly at my father's feet, feeling perfectly satisfied.

17. And after that he would disappear every Sunday morning, so that it was, of course, impossible to confine him. But he always went to church. Sometimes my father would find the fawn in quiet possession of his pew when he himself arrived.

18. The sexton, one Sunday, not approving of the performance, tried to put the little creature out. But the fawn made such a fuss, and jumped about so much, and the bell tinkled so loudly, that he was obliged to give up the attempt.

19. From that time forward he became a most devoted church-goer, and it was an understood thing that the fawn belonged to that church. Although I am afraid he took many naps during the service and sermon, in all other respects he behaved as well as any gentleman in the congregation.

20. The fawn lived with my father about two years. His visits to the forest became more and more frequent, however, until at last he never returned to the house. Whether his friends there persuaded him to remain with them, or whether he was shot for a wild deer, my father could never find out. But he was much missed by all the family, and even the minister asked what had become of him.

E. JOHNSON.



XXXVII.—*THE WIND AND THE MOON.*

I.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare in the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

II.

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep on a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

III.

He turned in his bed: she was there again.
On high in the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

IV.

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

“With my sledge and my wedge

I have knocked off her edge.

If only I blow right fierce and grim,

The creature will soon be dimmer than dim.”

V.

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread

“One puff more’s enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer glum will go the thread.”

VI.

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;

In the air nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

VII.

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down, in town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar,

“What’s that?” The glimmering thread once more.

VIII.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;

But in vain was the pain

Of his bursting brain;

For still the broader the moon-scap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

IX.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone on her throne

In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

X.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath, good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

XI.

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high in the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEO. MACDONALD.

XXXVIII.—*THE NAIL-MAKER.*

A LABORIOUS nail-maker worked all day at his forge, and under his strong, quick blows, thousands of sparks arose around him and filled his workshop. The son of his rich neighbor, Mr. Von Berg, came to see him almost every day, and would watch him with delight for hours.

2. One day the busy nail-maker said to him in joke, "Would you not like to make some nails? Just try, my young master, if it be only to pass time away. It may be useful to you some day."

3. The young gentleman, having nothing else to do, consented. He placed himself before the anvil, and, laughing as he sat down, began to hammer. Before very long he was able to finish off a good shoe-nail.

4. Some years after, the misfortunes of war deprived this young man of all his wealth, and forced him to emigrate to a foreign country. Far from his native land, stripped of all resources, he halted at a large village, where the majority of the people were shoemakers.

5. He ascertained that they expended yearly a large sum of money in the purchase of shoe-nails from a neighboring

town, and that often they could not obtain the quantity they needed, because so many were required for the shoes of the army, most of which were made in that district.

6. The young Von Berg, who already saw himself threatened with starvation, remembered that he knew perfectly the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers of the village with as large a quantity of nails as they required, if they would only establish a workshop, and to this they cheerfully consented. He began to work with enthusiasm, and soon found himself in easy circumstances.

7. "It is always good," he used often to say to himself, "to learn something, if it be only to make a shoe-nail. There are positions in life where head-learning cannot be called into play, and where want may threaten even those who have been wealthy. It is well to provide for such exigencies by having some useful trade at our finger ends."



XXXIX.—*THE WATER.*

I.

THE water! the water!
 The joyous brook for me,
 That tuneth through the quiet night
 Its ever-living glee
 The water! the water!
 That sleepless, merry heart
 Which gurgles on unstintedly,
 And loveth to impart,
 To all around it, some small measure
 Of its own most perfect pleasure.

II.

The water! the water!
 The gentle stream for me,
 That gushes from the old gray stone
 Beside the alder tree.

The water! the water!
 That ever-bubbling spring
 I loved and looked on when a child,
 In deepest wondering,—
 And asked it whence it came and went,
 And when its treasures would be spent.

III.

The water! the water!
 The merry wanton brook
 That bent itself to pleasure me,
 Like mine old shepherd crook.
 The water! the water!
 That sang so sweet at noon,
 And sweeter still all night, to win
 Smiles from the pale proud moon,
 And from the little fairy faces
 That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

IV.

The water! the water!
 The dear and blessed thing,
 That all day fed the little flowers
 On its banks blossoming.
 The water! the water!
 That roll'd so bright and free,
 And bade me mark how beautiful
 Was its soul's purity;
 And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
 As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

MOTHERWELL

EXERCISE.

1. The brook *singeth* through the *still* night.
2. It *flows* on *freely*.
3. It loves to *give happiness* to all around it.
4. The merry *playful* brook *curved* to please me.
5. Fairy faces *shine* in heaven's *most distant* places.
6. The water fed the *tiny* flowers *blooming* on its banks
7. Wandering on, it sought its *final resting-place*.

XL.—*A WONDERFUL PARROT.*

MR. JESSE, an English writer upon natural history, tells of an extraordinary parrot, which was owned by a lady in Hampton Court. He made inquiry about it of the owner's sister, and received from her the following account, which he gives in her own words:

2. "As you wished me," she says, "to write down whatever I could collect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only promising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard.

3. "Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible to help joining in it one's self, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out 'Don't make me laugh so! I shall die! I shall die!'

4. "Her crying and sobbing are curious; and if you say 'Poor Poll, what is the matter?' she says, 'So bad, so bad; got such a cold!' Then after crying some time she will gradually cease, and, making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to laugh.

5. "The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking with the maid at the bottom of the stairs. I heard what I then supposed to be a child call out the maid's name, 'Payne!' and then saying 'I'm not well; I'm not well.' I asked 'What is the matter with that child?' She replied, 'It is only the parrot; she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back.' And so it proved, for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way.

6. "It is singular enough that, whenever she is affronted in any way she begins to cry, and when pleased, to laugh. If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold!'

7. "One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up, and said quite plainly, 'No, I didn't.'

8. "Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she often says, 'No, you won't.'

9. "She calls the cat very plainly, saying 'Puss, Puss!' and then answers 'Mew.' But the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say 'Puss, Puss!' myself, she always answers 'Mew,' till I begin mewing, and then she begins calling 'Puss' as quick as possible.

10. "She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking, and I dare say, if the truth was known, wondering what was barking at them. And the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of hens by her crowing and clucking, has been the most ludicrous thing possible.

11. "She sings just like a child, and I have more than once thought it was a human being. It is most ridiculous to hear her make what one would call a false note, and then say 'Oh, la!' and burst out laughing herself, beginning again in quite another key.

12. "She is very fond of singing 'Buy a broom!' which she says quite plainly. But in the same spirit as in calling the cat, if we say with a view to make her repeat it, 'Buy a broom!' she always says 'Buy a *brush*!' and then laughs as a child might do when mischievous.

13. "She often performs a kind of exercise which I do not know how to describe, except by saying that it is like the lance exercise. She puts her claw behind her, first one side and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and whilst doing so, keeps saying 'Come on, come on!' and when finished, says 'Bravo! beautiful!' and draws herself up.

14. "Before I was as well acquainted with her as I am now, she would stare in my face for some time, and then say 'How d'ye do, ma'am?' This she invariably does to strangers.

15. "One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said 'Down stairs.'

16. "I cannot at this moment recollect anything more that I can vouch for myself, and do not choose to trust to what I am told; but from what I have myself seen and heard, she has almost made me a believer in transmigration."



XLI.—THE SUMMER SQUALL.

I.

"WHAT'S the matter?
What a clatter!

Was there ever
Such a terrible—I never!
Run and shut the chamber windows!
Jenny, keep the children in-doors!
The clothes upon the line go dancing—
Where's the basket? Bring the pans in!
Oh dear!" For now the rain is coming;
You hear the chimney swallows drumming,
With a mighty fuss and flutter,
While the chimneys moan and mutter;
And see! the crumbled soot is flying
All over the pork that Jane was frying.

II.

What a clamor! what a clatter!
The swift, slant rain begins to patter;
The geese they cackle, cow-bells rattle,
The pelted and affrighted cattle,
Across the pasture, helter-skelter,
Run to the nearest trees for shelter;
The old hen calls her skulking chickens;
The fowls fly home; the darkness thickens;
The roadside maples twist and swing;
The barn-door flaps a broken wing;
The old well-pail sets out to travel,
And drags the chain across the gravel;

In vain the farmer's wife is trying
To catch the clothes as they are flying;
Nine new tin pans are bruised and battered,
And all about the door-yard scattered;
And thicker, thicker, faster, faster,
Come tumult, tempest, and disaster.

III.

The wind has blown the haycocks over;
The rain has spoiled the unraked clover:
With half a load the horses hurry,
And one-half—flung on in the flurry,
Invisible pitchforks tearing, tossing—
Was blown into the creek in crossing;
And thicker, thicker, faster, faster,
Come whirlwind, tempest, and disaster.

IV.

Now, all without the storm is roaring,
The house is shut, the rain is pouring;
Incessantly its fury lashes
The roof, the clapboards, and the sashes;
The fowls have gone to roost at noon,
We'll have the candles lighted soon.
In flies the door,—the farmer enters,
Dripping and drenched from his adventures;
Finds Jenny sighing, baby crying,
The frightened children hushed, and lying
Huddled upon the bed together;
Mother storming, like the weather;
With pans, and chairs, and baskets, which in
Wet confusion crowd the kitchen.

V.

But Hugh is not the man to grieve;
He shakes his hat, and strokes his sleeve,
And laughs, and jests, and wrings his blouse:—
His very presence in the house
Dispels like sunshine the bewildering
And awful gloom that wrapped the children.

VI.

Old Farmer Hugh! the whole world through,
 I find no nobler soul than you!
 A heart to welcome every comer,
 Alike the winter and the summer.
 When Fortune, with her fickle chances,
 Now smiles, now frowns, retreats, advances,
 To make poor mortals mourn the loss of her,
 You, trustful heart and true philosopher,
 Securely centered in your station,
 Yourself the pivot of gyration,
 Look forth serenely patient, seeing
 All things come round to your true being.

VII.

Oh thus, like you, when sudden squalls
 Of angry fortune strike my walls,
 Spoil expectation's unraked clover,
 And blow my hopes like haycocks over,—
 When storm and darkness, wild, uncertain,
 Deluge my sky with their black curtain,—
 Oh then, like you, brave Farmer Hugh!
 May I, with vision clear and true,
 Behold, beyond each transient sorrow,
 The gleam and gladness of to-morrow!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



XLII.—HONEST JACOB.

JACOB, a poor laboring man. FRITZ, his son (a small boy). ADAM
 a baker.

Scene.—The poor man's cottage. *Enter* FRITZ.

Fritz. How I wish father would come home! I am so
 hungry! O, here he comes!

[JACOB enters, bringing a loaf of bread.]

Jacob. Here I am, little Fritz!

Fritz. I am so glad! It is so lonesome here since dear
 mother died! And I—

Jacob. You are very hungry? I know it, my poor boy. It wasn't so when there was plenty of work to be had. I hope these hard times will soon be over; but we must do the best we can while they last.

Fritz. O what a nice loaf you have! how good it smells.

Jacob (aside). It is the last! There's no knowing when we shall have another. Here, my son (*breaks the loaf*); eat your supper at once. There's no loss without some gain; we don't have to wait for cooking when we've nothing to cook!

Fritz. O father! this isn't fair!

Jacob. What isn't fair, my son?

Fritz. You have given me the biggest piece.

Jacob. And is that anything to complain of? Come, eat, my boy.

Fritz. But you—you have been looking for work all day; you must be so tired! and I know you have had nothing to eat.

Jacob. Ah, my Fritz! you are so good to think of me! But, really, it will do me more good to see you eat than to eat myself.

Fritz. But if *you* do not eat, how can you go out hunting for work to-morrow? and if you find work to do, how can you do it? You *must* have a part of this; do break it again, father!

Jacob. Well, to please you, I will; though your love is dearer to me than any food.

[*Breaks FRITZ's piece. Several pieces of money fall out.*]

Fritz. Why, what is that falling out of the bread? Gold! O father! gold!

Jacob. Do not touch it! That money is n't ours.

Fritz. Whose is it, then? Gold! O father!

Jacob. Surely, I don't know whose it can be; I only know it is n't mine. We must inquire. Run to the baker's, and ask him about it. Quick, my son.

Fritz. But, father, we are so poor! And did n't you buy the loaf?

Jacob. I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. We are poor, indeed; but that is no reason why we should be dishonest.

Fritz. Dear father, you are right, I know! I'll hurry to tell the baker.
[Runs out.]



Jacob (alone). Ah, my poor Fritz! It is hard to see you starve, but it would be harder still to see you thrive by falsehood and dishonesty! I am sure God will take care of us, if we are faithful to Him and to each other.

[Re-enter FRITZ, with ADAM, the Baker.]

Fritz. Here he is, father! I have told him about the money.

Jacob. There is some great mistake here, my friend. Is this your gold?

Fritz. O Mister Baker! my father is very poor!

Jacob. Be still, Fritz! We are not thieves, neither are we beggars. Take this gold away, if it is yours.

Adam. (*Rubbing his hands gleefully.*) Ay! I told him so! I told him so!

Jacob. Told whom? told what?

Adam. Uncle Luke, the wheelwright. I told him—said I, ‘Neighbor Jacob is the most honest man in town,’ said I. And said he, ‘There you’re right, Adam,’ said he. Ay, ay! and so it turns out.

Jacob. I don’t understand you.

Adam. I’ll tell you all about that money. A stranger brought it to me yesterday, and told me to give it to the most honest poor man in town. I knew you would come for a loaf this evening, so I baked one for you, and put the gold into it. It is yours; you have shown by your honesty that you are entitled to it, if any one is.

Jacob. O my son! [Embraces FRITZ.

Adam. And what is more, he left this card with me, saying “When your honest man is found, tell him to find me, and I will give him good work and good wages.” Here is his name.

Jacob. (*Takes the card.*) Work! and wages! that is better than gold! Thank you, Friend Adam! Come, Fritz, we will find this good man at once; we’ll eat our bread by the way. Thank Heaven, that kept us honest, we shall soon have bread enough.



XLIII.—A DAY IN EARLY HAY-TIME.

I.

SMALL watery clouds begin to rise, before the midday hour,
 And beaded drops on water-jars foretell an early shower.
 The house-dog seeks his favorite grass while coming down the
 lane,
 And tree-toads in the poplar bowers are prophesying rain.
 The quail since early morning hours has piped his song, “More
 wet!”
 And cuckoos in the maple grove are singing “Cuckoo!” yet.

II.

The mower drops his scythe, and wipes the sweat from off his brow ;

Two loads of choicest clover hay are ready for the mow.

"Be quick and get the ox-team, John! Frank, harness up Old Gray!

And James may leave off spreading swaths, and tumble up the hay."

III.

A dark cloud with its watery folds now meets the farmer's eye,
And mutterings indistinct are heard along the western sky.

Soon John comes hurrying to the field, with "Get up, Star! gee, Bright!"

The stalwart form of Farmer Day is almost lost to sight.

IV.

The hay goes on the rick so fast that John cries, "Father, stop,
And let me lay the corners out and bind them at the top!"

"Be quick, then, for the shower is nigh!—'t will never do to let
This clover hay, so sweet and dry, be spoilt by getting wet."

V.

And standing in the grateful shade beneath the apple-bough,
The farmer wipes the sweat again from off his heated brow.

One load is safely in the barn, and one upon the wain,
While just across the meadow-lot comes on the drifting rain.

VI.

A large drop falls upon the hat, another on the hand,
And now the tempest wildly breaks upon the thirsty land.

The other load is in, hurrah! and, ranged along the bay,
The men and boys lie stretched at ease upon the new-mown hay.

VII.

The sun in splendor breaks again upon the waiting eye,
And lo! a painted bow appears and spans the eastern sky.
And Farmer Day in evening prayer thanks God with hearty
praise

For vernal sun, and summer rain, and plenteous harvest days.

C. F. GERRY.

XLIV.—*UNDERGROUND TRAVELS.*

PART FIRST.

“WELL, children, I have told you about many things that I have seen above ground; what do you say to my going under ground for a change, and telling you what I saw there?”

2. “Oh, do, captain! we shall like that,” says Maggie, climbing upon that gentleman’s knee. And “Oh, do!” is echoed by Frank and Sydney, who perch themselves on the arms of the easy-chair in which he is sitting. “But what do you mean? Why, how could you get into the ground? It must be all hard and dark there.”

3. “Have you never heard of mines—coal mines, and lead and salt mines, and many others?”

4. “Oh yes, captain, of course we have.”

5. “Well, it is a salt mine I am going to tell you about. It is a long while ago I was there; but I was so pleased and surprised at what I saw that I think I can remember all about it now.

6. “I was travelling with a party of friends, when, passing through a small village called Wieliezka,* we thought we might as well visit its famous mines.”

7. “What a funny name, though! Where is it, captain?”

8. “A very long way from here, children. It is in a country called Poland, and it is a very well-known mine, so that if people are anywhere near, they like to go and see it. The day we went, there were thirty or forty other people going down too.”

9. “And was there only one opening?”

10. “No, there were eleven altogether; but six of them were used for bringing up the salt. The others were square openings, at the top of which there was a large wheel, with a rope as thick as a man’s arm passing round it, used to draw things or people up and down. I

* Pronounced We-litch'-ka.

remember the poor old horse that worked it was quite blind.

11. "The first thing to be done was to put on one of the miners' coats, so as to be fit to be seen when we came up again; then each of us took a miner as a guide, and prepared to start off."

12. "Did it not take a long while for so large a party to get down?"

13. "No; we all went down at one time, although our carriage did not feel quite safe. My guide tied a rope round the other big one that hung to the wheel, and then twisted it round himself in a loop, so that he could get into it. He then made me sit on his lap, put his arms round me, and gave the signal to start.

14. "Off we went, but we had gone only a few yards before we made a full stop. I thought something was wrong, but no, it was only a second miner tying himself to the big rope. He took another visitor on his lap, and on we started, but soon to stop again for a third and fourth, until at last I got heartily tired of my awkward position, and rather afraid that the rope might break.

15. "It was not at all pleasant, I can tell you, children, sitting in a man's lap in a narrow, dark well, and knowing that if that one big rope did break, down we should all go; but I shut my eyes, and tried hard to forget that we had some six hundred feet of empty space below us. Well, at last, and it seemed a week to me, we began a slow descent, and glad enough was I when I found myself on my feet once more."

16. "Was it not dark down there?"

17. "Yes, pitch dark; but the miner, being the first one down, struck a light for his small lamp, and then, taking hold of my hand, led us along cold dark passages, down lower and lower, not one of us speaking; for I believe that we all heartily wished ourselves safe outside again, only no one liked to own it. I am sure I kept tight

hold of my guide, and I fancy the others did the same with theirs.

18. "Presently we came to another lot of steps, down which we almost stumbled, the one lamp which the guide carried giving a most miserable light, and he cheering us up by saying that if it went out we should all be lost, as the mine was very intricate, and he should never be able to lead us back, as he did not know the way. You may fancy how we kept our eyes fixed on that one little guiding star, and what our feelings were when it suddenly fell and went out.

19. "There we stood, like a flock of frightened sheep, in a small cavern closely walled in, not knowing what would become of us, when our guides (who it seemed knew very well where we were, and only put out the light to astonish us the more) led us up a kind of straight passage, to a place where we suddenly found ourselves looking at a most wonderful scene, well worth all our trouble and difficulties to reach."

XLV.—*UNDERGROUND TRAVELS.*

PART SECOND.

"**F**ANCY, children, coming out of all the damp and darkness on to a regular road, and an underground town—with houses, carts, carriages, people, horses—lighted up most brilliantly; the whole place dazzling and bright at any time, but even more so to us, just coming out of the dark passage.

2. "Fancy what it must have looked like. The whole top was arched and supported by tall columns; the floor, the roof, all carved out of one large mass of salt, which looked like beautiful crystal."

3. "And was it all white, captain?"

4. "No; for to increase its beauty, the salt was in some parts stained with bright colors, looking like whole masses

of precious stones; indeed, in some parts too dazzling to look at."

5. "And who makes all these beautiful shapes?"

6. "The whole place being hollowed out of one solid block, they have to be careful to leave plenty of supporting columns, and the men take great pride in making them as pretty as possible; and as they are always cutting and carving away fresh salt, their underground city grows larger.

7. "It has been worked for more than six hundred years, and there is quite a large number of families in it. Many hundred people are born and live here, and never seem to think of living anywhere else, though most of the men go up and down very often."

8. "What do they do for chairs and tables and things?"

9. "You forget that they have several doors, as we may say, to the mine, through which these things can be brought. The miners build their huts, some separately, some together. But the funniest thing is to see the great road, as it is called, which runs right through the mine, and up and down which carts are constantly passing laden with salt, being taken to where the rope is waiting to fetch it up, and to hear the men whistling and singing, just as they do in the street."

10. "But how do they get along on the ground?"

11. "Common salt is not so very hard; but the finest sort is as hard as stone, and they put layers of this for the flooring. They showed us some pretty toys made of this kind of salt, that looked just like carved crystal."

12. "And what do the poor horses think of this funny white country? How do they get water for them all? They cannot tie enough of that to ropes, at any rate."

13. "They have no need to do so, as there is a beautiful spring of clear water, enough for all purposes. But as to the poor horses, of which there are very many kept, when once they are down they have to stay down. Poor things! they generally go blind before long. I sup-

pose it is the white salt, and their not being able to run about the country, as the miners do sometimes. But, however, they do their work all the same, and are well cared for.

14. "The miners—poor fellows!—seemed very glad to see us, and very proud of the beautiful mine. We stayed down two or three hours, watching the large blocks of salt being dug out with chisel and pickaxe—big blocks weighing a great many hundred pounds. But I must say my enjoyment of the novel scene was spoiled by the recollection of the uncomfortable journey back."

15. "Are there any other mines like it, captain?"

16. "Not quite so important; though at Söwar, in Hungary, there is a very wonderful one. There, too, is a chapel, with altar, pulpit, and chairs—all cut out of solid salt."

17. "I thought there were salt mines in England."

18. "So there are, but not to be compared with those we have been speaking of, though even these, when lighted up with candles and torches, look almost like fairy grottoes, they sparkle and glitter so prettily."

19. "Then does all salt come from these mines?"

20. "No. A great deal is manufactured from sea water or salt springs. The salt water is made to flow into pits or tanks, where in time the sun and wind dry up the water, leaving all the salt. Then more water is let in again and dried, and so on several times, till the brine is very strong. It is then put into boilers, and, when all the water is quite boiled off, the salt is left white and sparkling, like sugar. But in hotter countries the brine is left to the heat of the sun. There are large salt-works at the Bay of Biscay, and that salt is called bay salt."

21. "Who would think it was so much trouble to get a little salt for our dinner, though it would not be nice without it!"

22. "We could not live without salt, not only what is mixed with our food, but what goes to preserve meat and

fish, so that it can be kept and carried from one place to another. And then a great deal is used as manure, to make things grow, or mixed up with clay with which our cups, and saucers, and plates are made, though you would scarcely think that the polish on them was produced by some of the salt which is used to give a flavor to the contents."

C. L. MATTÉAUX.

XLVI.—THE MAGPIE'S LECTURE.

I.

IN early times, the story says,
 When birds could talk and lecture,
 A magpie called her feathered friends,
 To teach them architecture.
 "To build a nest, my courteous friends—"
 They all began to chatter,—
 "No need to teach us *that*, good Mag;
 'Tis such an easy matter!"

II.

"To build a nest," Professor Mag
 Resumed her speech demurely,
 "First choose a well-forked bough, wherein
 The nest may sit securely."
 "Of course," said Jenny Wren. "Now cross
 Two sticks for the foundation."
 "Oh, all know that," quoth Mr. Rook,
 "Without this long oration."

III.

"Now bend some slender twigs, to form
 The round sides of the dwelling."
 "A fool knows that," exclaimed the thrush,
 "Without a magpie's telling!"
 "Next take some wool, and line the nest,
 And bind it well together."
 "Why, that's as clear," exclaimed the owl,
 "As stars in frosty weather!"

IV.

While thus they talked, Professor Mag
Her nest had half completed;
And, growing quite indignant now,
To see how she was treated,—
“Ladies and gentlemen,” she said,
“I see you are all so clever,
My lessons are superfluous,—
I leave you, then, for ever.”

V.

Away she flew, and left the birds
Their folly to discover,
Who now can build but *half* a nest,
And cannot roof it over.
The magpie sits beneath her roof;
No rain nor hail can pelt her;
The others brooding o’er their young,
Themselves enjoy no shelter.

VI.

No better fate do men deserve,
When self-conceit can lead them
Friendly instructions to despise,
And think they do not need them.

EXERCISE.

1. A magpie called her friends to teach them *the art of building*.
2. Professor Mag *began* her speech *again modestly*.
3. *Select a branch* wherein the nest may rest safely.
4. Cross two sticks for the *bottom*.
5. All are aware of that without this long *speech*.
6. Bend some *slim sprigs* to form the sides.
7. You are all so *smart* my lessons are *useless*.
8. She left the birds to *find out* their foolishness.
9. *Vanity* leads men to *scorn* friendly instructions.

XLVII.—*A LESSON FROM A DOG.*

"NEVER make an enemy even of a dog," said I to Bobby Ryan as I caught at his raised hand and tried to prevent him from throwing a stick at our neighbor Howard's great Newfoundland. But my words and effort were too late. Over the fence flew the stick, and whack on Dandy's nose it fell.

2. Now Dandy, a great powerful fellow, was very good-natured, but this proved a little too much for him. He sprang up with an angry growl, and, bounding over the fence as if he had been as light as a bird, caught Bobby Ryan by the arm and held him tightly enough to let his teeth be felt.

3. "Dandy! Dandy!" I cried, in momentary alarm, "let go. Don't bite him."

4. The dog lifted his dark brown, angry eyes to mine with

a look of intelligence, and I understood what they said: "I only want to frighten the young rascal."

5. And Bobby was frightened. Dandy held him for a little while, growling savagely, though there was a great deal of make-believe in the growl, and then tossing the arm away, leaped back over the fence and laid himself down by his kennel.

6. "You're a very foolish boy, Bobby Ryan," said I, "to pick a quarrel with such a splendid old fellow as that. Suppose you were to fall into the lake some day, and Dandy happened to be near, and suppose he should remember your bad treatment and refuse to go in after you?"

7. "Would n't care," replied Bobby; "I can swim."

8. Now it happened only a week afterward that Bobby was out on the lake in company with an older boy, and that in some way their boat was upset in deep water not far from the shore; and it also happened that Mr. Howard and his dog Dandy were near by and saw the two boys struggling in the water.

9. Quick as thought Dandy sprang into the lake and swam rapidly toward Bobby; but, strange to say, after getting close to the lad, he turned and went toward the larger boy, who was struggling in the water, and keeping his head above the surface with difficulty. Seizing him, Dandy brought him safely to the shore. He then turned and looked toward Bobby, his young tormentor; he had a good many old grudges against him, and for some moments seemed hesitating whether to save him or let him drown.

10. "Quick, Dandy!" cried his master, pointing to poor Bobby, who was trying his best to keep afloat. He was not the brave swimmer he had thought himself.

11. At this the noble old dog bounded again into the water and brought Bobby to land. He did not seem to have much heart in his work, however, for he dropped the boy as soon as he reached the shore, and walked away with a stately, indifferent air.

12. But Bobby, grateful for his rescue and repenting of

his former unkindness, made up with Dandy on that very day, and they were ever afterwards fast friends. He came very near losing his life through unkindness to a dog, and the lesson it gave him will not soon be forgotten.

XLVIII.—*THE SOLITARY REAPER.*

I.

BEHOLD her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself:
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain:
O, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

II.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

III.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?—
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

IV.

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened—motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

XLIX.—*FISH FARMS.*

DID you ever see a fish go up a ladder? You must not laugh. They do go up ladders, though not such ladders as you are accustomed to see. But I will begin at the beginning, and tell you why men build ladders for fishes.

2. The salmon, though she lives in the ocean, does not think it a very safe home for her babies—as, indeed, it is not; for there are so many big fish in the ocean that are fond of salmon, that not one in a thousand of the latter would ever live to grow up. So the wise mother salmon takes a long journey every season into some fresh-water stream, away up as far as she can go, to find a safe place for a nursery.

3. When she finds a place which suits her, she proceeds to prepare her cradle—a very simple one; merely a hole dug in the bottom of the stream. There she lays her eggs—I cannot tell you how many thousands—and carefully covers them up.

4. Now she can go back to her home in the ocean, sure that her babies will flourish and have a fair chance for life; and when they are grown they will join her in the ocean.

5. Well, salmon are very nice to eat, as you probably know, and the people who lived on those streams liked to catch them, of course. But as towns and villages grew up on the river, and men built dams, to get water to turn

mills, the salmon found they could not get up the dams; and so they have gradually been growing more scarce in the streams, till people began to fear they would disappear altogether.

6. So some wise men set their wits to work to make it easy for the salmon to get up the stream; and the way they finally decided on—after many trials—was to build ladders up the dams. Salmon will leap up small falls, and a salmon ladder is merely a sort of flight of steps over which the water runs. The fish leaps from one step to another, and so gets up. You would like to see them? Well, so would I. It must be a curious sight.

7. Salmon had become so scarce before the ladders were put up, that men found it necessary to take care of the eggs and young fish—to establish nurseries, in fact, where the eggs could be thoroughly protected from fish, from the ducks and other water-fowl, which are too fond of eating eggs.

8. A fish nursery is a curious thing to see. In the first place, the cradle of the fishlets is called a “hatching-box,” and consists, generally, of a set of small troughs, each higher than the next, like a flight of stairs, into which fresh water constantly runs.

9. When the salmon comes into the stream to prepare her nursery, the fish farmer catches her with a net, and gently persuades her to trust her babies in his care. So she deposits the eggs in the place he has provided, and then the farmer puts her back into the stream, and she goes home to the ocean.

10. The eggs are very carefully spread out in the cradles I spoke of, and left to hatch out. They must be shaded from the sun, and not get too warm or too cold.

11. Salmon and trout—which are also raised in this way—require between one and two months to hatch; but shad—another very nice fish—hatch out in two or three days.

12. When the trout burst out of the eggs they are very

funny-looking creatures, less than half an inch long, and looking not much more like a fish than you'do. But in two or three months they get to be an inch and a half long, and look just like their mothers.

13. How would you go to work to feed these tiny creatures? A boy whom I know caught several tiny fish that came through a Chicago hydrant, and fed them with bread crumbs. But, as there are no bakers in Fish-land, this was a new food to them: they would not eat it, and, of course, they all died.

14. The fish farmer is wiser than that boy; he feeds them with beef's heart, chopped fine enough to go through a sieve, and this he sends into the water through a squirt-gun. You would like that part of the business, would you not?

15. As soon as the little fishes are able to take care of themselves they are taken out of the nursery, put into a pond, and have nothing further to do but to grow.

16. They do grow, and at last a time comes to them, as to the boys at home, when they feel an irresistible impulse to push out into the world for themselves. Then they will crowd around the gates of their ponds; for these fish-ponds are connected by gates with the river, and the farmer must then open the gates and let them go to the ocean.

17. One strange thing about the salmon and the trout is, that they always come back to their own old home, to make homes for their babies. So, when a river is exhausted of fish, all that is necessary to be done is to hatch out in ponds a lot of fish, and put them, when old enough, into the river. They will go to the ocean, and be sure to come back to lay their eggs—that is, if they are not themselves captured while in the ocean. Thus the river will be filled again.

18. Would you not like to see a fish farm? There are several such farms in America, and hundreds of thousands of fish are put into our exhausted rivers every year.

19. You can raise fish for yourself if you like. It is no

more trouble than to keep goldfish, and a thousand times more interesting.

20. You can buy the hatching-boxes or have them made, buy the eggs of some professional fish farmer, and start your farm—in your parlor, if you choose.

21. If you have a suitable pond, you can in a year or two, at a very slight expense, stock it with brook trout—the most delicious fish in our waters, and, perhaps, in the world.

22. Shad are much less troublesome to bring up by hand than the trout. They hatch out in two or three days, and, when three days old, will take to the middle of a stream and take care of themselves.

23. If any of my readers live within fifty miles of a fish farm, let me assure them they will be well paid for the trouble of visiting it, for it is the most interesting variety of farming that I know anything about.

OLIVE THORNE.

L.—*THE CHRISTMAS TREE.*

FIRST VOICE.

HURRAH! hurrah! for the Christmas tree;
 May it flourish for aye in its greenery!
 When the winter comes with its whitening snow,
 How proudly the Christmas tree doth grow.

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Christmas tree;
 Hurrah! hurrah! for its mirth and glee;
 When forests of oak have passed from the land,
 The jolly old Christmas tree shall stand.

SECOND VOICE.

There are wonderful plants far over the sea,
 But what are they all to the Christmas tree?
 Does the oak bear candies, the palm tree skates?
 But sugar-plums, trumpets, doll-babies, slates,
 Picture-books, elephants, soldiers, cows,
 All grow at once on the Christmas tree boughs.

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Christmas tree;
Hurrah! hurrah! for its mirth and glee;
When forests of oak have passed from the land,
The jolly old Christmas tree shall stand.

THIRD VOICE.

Oh, the many homes it hath happy made
When the little ones under its leaves have played;
Oh, sweet are the pleasures around it that spring,
And dear are the thoughts of the past they bring.
Then long may it flourish, and green may it be,
The merry, mighty old Christmas tree!

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Christmas tree;
Hurrah! hurrah! for its mirth and glee;
When forests of oak have passed from the land,
The jolly old Christmas tree shall stand.



LI.—THE OLD FRENCH TINKER.

THERE once lived in France an old tinker. He used to travel about the country, mending clocks and umbrellas. This he had done for a great many years; and people used to expect him when his time came round. But he began to grow too old for work.

2. At last, one day he came to a place called Gap, and he went to the inn. When the landlord saw him, he said, "Well, my old friend, I'm glad to see you. My clocks are wanting you very much."

3. But the tinker said, "Thank you for your kindness, sir. I have been glad to serve you for many years, but I am afraid my work will soon be over. I think I shall die soon. You have been always very kind to me; and I am sure you will promise to do something for me before I die.

4. "This is all that belongs to me. Here is my pack, and here is my stick. Here are also two letters. I have a nephew living in Paris; he has never cared much about me, but will you send him this letter as soon as I am gone?"

5. "If he takes my goods, all very well; but if he won't, then please to open this other letter, and it will tell you what is to be done with them."

6. The tinker soon after died. The landlord sent the letter to his nephew in Paris; and an answer came back that he would have nothing to do with his old uncle, or with any of his goods. He said he wanted no rubbish.

7. So then the landlord opened the other letter, which told him that as the good-for-nothing nephew refused the things, he might have them for himself as a return for all his kindness, and, particularly, he was to take off the top of the stick, and see what was inside it.

8. In the pack there was nothing but the old man's working tools and a few clothes. But when the landlord proceeded to open the stick, presently five gold coins dropped out; and on searching farther down, he took out bank-notes to the amount of several thousand dollars.

9. Thus the kind man was well rewarded, and the hard-hearted, proud nephew well served.



LII.—*A LITTLE HOUSE.*

I.

ONLY a little house—
 A house by the side of a hill—
 With dances of sunshine gleaming about,
 Through tossing branches in and out,
 And the sound of a little rill,
 That, through the tiny garden-plot,
 All day long, and all night through,
 Murmurs music ever new,
 "I am happy—and you?
 Why not?"

II.

Only a little house,
But a house brimful of life—
Busy husband and happy wife,
Prattle of babies three:
Singing of birds, and humming of bees;
Shadow and sunshine on the trees;
Glancing needles, eager talk;
Books, and pens, and the evening walk
Through the meadows down below;
Thus the summer days go by,
And we look on, and only sigh—
We sigh, but do not know.

III.

Only a little house,
But a house heart-full of bliss—
Plenty of work and plenty of play;
Busy heart and brain all day;
And then, ere the good-night kiss,
The lingering shadow of worldly care,
Wafted off by the evening prayer;
And silence falls on the little house,
Save for the whirr of the midnight mouse,
Here, and there, and everywhere;
And through the tiny garden-plot,
The voice of the rill, which, all night through,
Murmurs its music ever new—
“I am happy—and you?
Why not?”

LIII.—*TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.*

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. “My pretty boy,” said he, “has your father a grindstone?”

“Yes, sir,” said I.

2. “You are a fine little fellow,” said he; “will you let me grind my ax on it?”

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

3. "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

4. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you



are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

5. Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

6. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

7. "Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

8. It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, I think, "That man has an ax to grind."

9. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

10. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

CHARLES MINER.



LIV.—THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

I.

A HAREBELL hung its willful head:
 "I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."
 She hung her head in the mossy dell:
 "If all were over, then all were well."

II.

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;
 He waved her about to make her cool.
 "Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;
 "Leave me alone—I am not well."
 And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,
 Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

III.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed and said;
"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."
Then the sun, he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.
"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;
I am not—I don't see why you should."

IV.

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried,
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"
And the dew came down its millionfold path;
But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

V.

A boy came by in the morning gray;
He plucked the harebell and threw it away.
The harebell shivered, and cried, "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow!"
The wind blew softly, and did not speak.
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

VI.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold!" she said.
He rose; but lower she drooped her head.
"O rain, I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me;—come! please do!"
The rain came down as fast as it could,
But for all its will, it did her no good.

VII.

She shuddered and shriveled, and, moaning, said,
"Thank you all kindly!" and then she was dead.
Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year,
She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear, I fear.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



LV.—*SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

NEWTON was born in 1642. He discovered the principle of gravitation, by which all bodies attract one another in proportion to their size and solidity. This power makes things fall to the ground, and, in like manner, makes the earth itself move round the sun.

2. The earth is prevented from falling into the sun by a force originally given to it, which tends to drive it off in a straight line; but the two forces acting together compel it to move in a circular direction round the sun.

3. This is the Newtonian system, which is now universally received. It was thought so remarkable that such discoveries, respecting bodies so far removed from us as the sun and stars, and apparently so much beyond our comprehension, should be made by a mortal man, that those who lived in Newton's time were almost disposed to believe that there was something miraculous in it.

4. This is expressed in the lines inscribed on Newton's monument:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

He died in 1727, aged eighty-four years.

5. There are several interesting anecdotes of Newton. The first relates to his great discovery of gravitation. Being in the country, and sitting at his door one day, overlooking his garden, he saw an apple fall to the ground.

6. The thought occurred to him, "Why does the apple fall?" It is no answer to say, "Its weight makes it fall;" for then the question would only take a different form, and be, "Why do heavy bodies fall?" He could find no answer satisfactory to his own mind but this: "The earth attracts them."

7. But why suppose the earth only to have this attractive power? This led to the conclusion that all bodies have it in proportion to their bulk; and if all bodies on this earth

have it, then why not also the heavenly bodies—the sun, moon, and stars? This idea, reflected upon, and submitted to mathematical investigation, resulted in the theory of gravitation.

8. Another anecdote illustrates his self-command. He had been laboring for many years on very abstruse calculations relating to a particular branch of inquiry; and one day, returning to his study, he found that his favorite dog, Diamond, had overturned a lighted candle, which had set fire to his papers and completely destroyed them. He only said, “O Diamond, Diamond! little do you know the mischief you have done!”

9. Another anecdote illustrates his modesty. A short time before his death he remarked, “I know not what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.”

BULFINCH.



LVI.—*THE FROST.*

I.

THE frost looked forth one still clear night,
 And whispered, “Now, I shall be out of sight;
 So through the valley and over the height,
 In silence I’ll take my way;
 I will not go on like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;—
 But I’ll be as busy as they.”

II.

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 In diamond beads—and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

III.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stopt,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things;—there were flowers and trees;
 There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
 There were cities with temples and towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

IV.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three;
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me
 Shall ‘*chick!*’ to tell them I’m drinking.”
MISS GOULD.

LVII.—*HABITS OF FLOWERS.*

FLOWERS have habits, or ways of acting, just as people have. For example, all flowers naturally turn towards the light, as if they loved it. This can be seen by watching plants that are standing near a window. The flowers will all be bent towards the light if the pots are allowed always to stand in the same position; but by turning them round a little every day, while the blossoms are opening, the flowers can be made to look in different directions.

2. There are some flowers that shut themselves up at night, as if to go to sleep, and open again in the morning,

as is the case with tulips. I was one morning admiring some flowers that had been sent me the evening before. Among them were some tulips, and out of one of these, as it opened, flew a bee.

3. A lazy, dronish bee he must have been, to be caught in this way, when the flower was closing for the night. Or perhaps he had done a hard day's work in gathering honey, and at last had become sleepy. At any rate, he stayed too long in the tulip, and so was shut in for the night.

4. The little daisy is one of the flowers that close at night; but it is as beautiful and bright as ever, on its "slender stem," when it awakes in the morning. When it shuts itself up, it forms a little round green ball, and looks something like a pea, and can hardly be distinguished from the green grass amidst which it lies.

5. But look next morning, and the ball is open, showing, as the poet describes, "a golden tuft within a silver crown." It is a very beautiful sight indeed to see the grass spangled with daisies, shining in the bright sun. It is supposed that this flower was first called *day's eye*, because it opens its eye at the dawn of day, and that afterwards the name became corrupted to *daisy*.

6. The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night, and they are folded so closely together in their green coverings, that they look like buds which had never been opened. In places where the sun is very hot, the dandelion shuts itself up even during the day:



and in this way it is sheltered in its green covering from the sun, and kept from fading.

7. Some flowers hang down their heads at night, as if nodding in their sleep, but in the morning they lift them up again, to welcome the light. Other flowers have a particular time to open. The evening primrose, for example, is so called because it does not open till evening.

8. The splendid flower called the night-blooming cereus opens only once. It lets its beauty be seen but for a few hours, and then it fades and dies. It is a very rare flower, and few ever have an opportunity of seeing it. Those who have, watch for its opening with great eagerness. It opens generally very late in the evening, and is closed again in a few hours, thus never admitting the light of day into its bosom.

9. Through spring, summer, and autumn we have a constant succession of flowers, each having its own season, and opening at its appointed time every year. God has kindly provided us with beautiful things to look upon, in the garden and in the field, during all the warmer months of the year. Let us thank Him for his goodness.

10. The flowers that bloom in spring are generally small and delicate. Summer flowers are more abundant than those of spring or autumn, and are scattered abroad in rich profusion, of every variety of color and form. They are commonly very fragrant, so that the air is filled with pleasant odors.

11. Autumn flowers generally have bright colors, and are very showy, but few of them have any fragrance.

EXERCISE.

1. It is a *pretty* sight to see the grass *brilliantly adorned* with daisies.
2. The dandelion is *protected* in its green *envelope*.
3. Some flowers *droop* their heads at night.
4. Other flowers have an *especial* time to *unfold*.
5. God has *furnished* us with *handsome* things to look upon.
6. Flowers that *blossom* in spring are *usually* small and *slender*.
7. Summer flowers are *spread* abroad in *abundance*.

LVIII.—*THE GOLDEN COIN.*

I.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,
Which he put at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two four—so on, till people said,
“How rich Ben Adam is!” and bowed the servile head.

II.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way—
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

LIX.—*THE HUMMING-BIRD.*

HUMMING-BIRDS are natives of America. They are at once the smallest and the most brilliantly colored of the whole feathered race. There are many species, all varying in size from that of a wren to a humble bee, and exhibiting a splendor and beauty of plumage which it is hardly possible to describe.

2. These gems of animated nature are to be seen clad in the loveliest crimson, blue, and green, laid on a ground of gold; but much of their varied elegance is lost when they are not seen in their native woods. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see them glittering like gems among the highly-scented blossoms of the warm countries which they inhabit.

3. They possess a long and extremely slender bill, with which they extract the nectar, and the small insects which lurk in the recesses of the flowers. They are formed for rapid flight, and are almost ever on the wing.

4. Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, these lovely creatures are to be seen. In the garden, in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about—of all sizes, from one that might easily be mistaken for a different variety of bird, to the tiny hermit, whose body is scarcely as large as that of the bee buzzing about the same sweets.

5. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid-air, then dart off to some distant attraction.

6. Perched upon a little limb they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues; then darting off again, they skim along, stopping now and then before a flower and extracting its honey as they hover in the air. Their wings vibrate with such rapidity that the motion is scarcely visible; and it is from the constant murmur or humming sound caused by the rapid vibration that these beautiful little creatures derive their name.

7. The nest of the humming-bird is very beautifully constructed of the softest down, gathered from the silk-cotton tree, and covered on the outside with bits of leaves and moss. The nest of the smallest species is about as big as the half of a walnut, and in this tiny cup the lovely creature rests.

EXERCISE.

1. Humming-birds are the tiniest and most *brightly tinted* of birds.
2. There are many *kinds*, *differing* in size.
3. They *display* a *brilliancy* and *elegance* of plumage which it is hardly possible to *represent by words*.
4. These gems of the *living world* are to be seen *dressed* in various colors.
5. They *have* a long and *very* slender *beak*.
6. They *take out* the *honey* and the small insects that *lie hidden* in the flowers.
7. They are formed for *swift flying*.
8. Their wings *move* with such *swiftness* that their motion is scarcely *to be seen*.
9. The nest is very *neatly built* of the softest down.

LX.—*BETTER THAN GOLD.*

I.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

II.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.

III.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

IV.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

ALEXANDER SMART.

LXI.—*THE DERVISE AND THE CAMEL.*

IN one of the Eastern fables it is said that a dervise or Turkish monk was journeying alone in the desert. He often stopped and fell down on the sands to say his prayers; but he was at length met by a company of merchants, who immediately accosted him. "Holy man," said they, "we have lost a camel."

2. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" asked the dervise.

"He was," said the merchants.

3. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" inquired the dervise.

"He had," said the merchants.

4. "Was he not loaded with wheat on one side?"

"He was," said the merchants.

5. "And with honey on the other?"

"He was! he was! he was!" said the merchants, surprised.

6. "Then," said the dervise, "I have not seen your camel."

7. The merchants were now in a great rage, and told the dervise that he must know well about the camel, and suspected that he might have received some of the jewels and money which formed part of the camel's load. They, therefore, seized him, and carried him to the nearest town, and brought him before the *cadi* or judge.

8. The *cadi* heard the story of the merchants, and seemed to think the dervise knew more about the camel and the thieves than he chose to tell. Before he condemned him, however, he commanded him to answer his accusers.

9. "How did you know the camel was blind of one eye?"

10. "I inferred that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of the path," replied the dervise.

11. "How did you know it was lame of the left leg?" asked the *cadi*.

12. "I inferred that it was lame of the left leg, because I observed the impression of that foot was fainter than those of the others."

13. "How did you know the animal had lost a tooth?" asked the *cadi*.

14. "I inferred that it had lost a tooth," replied the *der-vise*, "because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the center of its bite."

15. "But how could you tell with what it was laden?" interrupted the merchants; "ay, tell us that."

16. "As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants on one side, and the flies on the other, showed me that corn and honey were its burden. And more than this, my friends," he continued, "I infer that the animal has only strayed, and is not stolen, as there were no marks of any footsteps, either before or behind it. Return and look for your camel."

17. "Go," said the *cadi*, "and look for your camel."

18. The merchants did so, and found the beast only a few miles from the spot whence it had strayed.

EXERCISE.

1. A Turkish monk was *traveling* in the desert.
2. He met a *band* of merchants who at once *spoke* to him.
3. The *traders* were now *very* angry.
4. The judge *ordered* him to *reply* to his accusers.
5. The camel had *fed upon* the grass on one side of the *way*.
6. I *concluded* that it was lame of the left leg.
7. I *saw* that the *track* of that foot was *less distinct* than those of the others.
8. Wherever it had *eaten the grass* a small *bunch* was left *unharméd*.
9. Corn and honey were the *load* of the animal.
10. The creature has only *wandered* and is not *unlawfully* taken.
11. *Go back* and *search* for your camel.
12. They *discovered* the animal only a few miles from the *place*.

LXII.—*THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.*

I.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)
A woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

II.

The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms like one in poor estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

III.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," said I, "that you bear
Beneath the covert of your cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air?"
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
"A simple burthen, sir, a little singing bird."

IV.

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away:
And I have traveled weary miles to see
If aught that he had owned might still remain for me.

V.

"The bird and cage they both were his:
'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim
He kept it: many voyages
The singing bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind."
W. WORDSWORTH.

LXIII.—*THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.*

A WAY up among the mountains a tiny spring burst out. It trickled along almost silently at first, but it met another and another little spring, and, rolling together down the mountain side, they tumbled over a rock and spread into a dancing, singing, glistening brook.

2. Stillness and shadow around as yet, only a little nook wherein to play, the brook-spirit longed for more sunlight and wider scope. The breezes whispered to her of broad lakes embosomed among wooded hills—of deep, blue rivers flowing through wide meadow-lands—of the vast ocean gathering them all home at last to itself. Could she do and be nothing beyond her present life? The shadows deepened and she sang less cheerily.

3. A robin flew down to drink of the clear water, and then, perching on a green bough above, trilled forth its happy song. Squirrels and rabbits leaped along through the rustling grass to her side, and went away refreshed and glad. The merry little minnows darted to and fro in her shallow basin, happy *through her*; for even their life was dependent on the home and supply she gave them.

4. The ferns and grasses in their fresh greenery, gold-crowned cowslips and buttercups, tiny pearl-flowers and blue violets bloomed beside her, giving fragrance and beauty in return for her benison of life and growth; and the glad sunshine threw its mantle of blessing over one and all. It silvered her tiny waves more and more, as, flowing on contentedly, she bathed the roots of a young cherry tree.

5. And then the brook noted that none of these lived to themselves alone. The tree gave its fruit to the birds, and afforded quiet, shaded resting-places for their nests. The birds brooded and fed their little ones. The rabbits and squirrels were busy carrying home food to their families. The elder, which bloomed beside her, gave its blossoms to

make tea for a sick child, as she learned from the talk of two little girls who came for them. She was restless, they said, and it would soothe her to sleep. All were busy, all contented.

6. The brook had learned her lesson. She rippled gladly on, bearing health and freshness to all she touched, knowing not how beautiful was the melody she sang, but making her way more and more out of the shadows and into the sunlight. Another and another brook met her on her course through rolling meadows, golden in sunshine.

7. Onward, ever onward, active and cheery, she flowed, bearing blessings wherever she went and reflecting the sunlight of heaven. Far back amid mountain solitudes and shady woods the little brook could still be traced; but a deep, calm, broad river rolled through meadow-lands and between shores of changing scenery—forest, field, and hill, and happy human homes.

“THE CHILDREN’S HOUR.”



LXIV.—A RAINBOW.

I.

THE flowers live by the tears that fall
 From the sad face of the skies,
 And life would have no joys at all
 Were there no watery eyes.

II.

Love thou thy sorrow; grief shall bring
 Its own excuse in after years;
 The rainbow! see how fair a thing
 God hath built up from tears.

HENRY SUTTON.





LXV.—FREDERICK AND HIS PAGE.

FREDERICK the Great, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and, nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced toward him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket.

2. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. As he was a very loving and kind-hearted king, let us forgive his doing what even *he* had no right to do without leave.

3. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages to

relieve her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection.

4. The king, after reading it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket.

5. Returning to the chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king.

6 The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and putting his hand into his pocket, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears without being able to utter a single word.

7. "What is the matter?"

8. "Ah, sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin; I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket!"

9. "My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep; send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."



LXVI.—*THE SAILOR'S SONG.*

I.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

II.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

III.

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

IV.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.
 And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
 For I was born on the open sea!

V.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range;
 But never have sought nor sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

B. W. PROCTER.



LXVII.—LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

THE blast that drove the storm-cloud across the heavens
 shook the oak, and the acorn-cup, loosened from its
 fruit, fell on the pathway. The cloud burst; a raindrop
 filled the acorn-cup.

2. A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn
 day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the
 path when all was calm, and drank of the raindrop. Re-
 freshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place on
 the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he
 trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

3. The poet heard, and, rising from his reverie, wrote a

chant of grateful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

4. Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

5. "I had not sung so well if I had not drunk of the raindrop," said the robin.

6. "I should have sunk into the earth had not the acorn-cup received me," said the raindrop.

7. "I had not been there to receive you but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

8. And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light; making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown, and unsuspected channels, and bringing in due time, by his own way, the beautiful song from the angry storm-cloud."

MRS. PROSSER.

LXVIII.—*THE BUTTERFLY.*

I.

I'VE watched you now a full half hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
 And, little butterfly, indeed,
 I know not if you sleep or feed!
 How motionless! Not frozen seas
 More motionless! And then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Has found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!

II.

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers.
 Here rest your wings when they are weary;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!

Come often to us; fear no wrong;
Sit near us on a bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet, childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. WORDSWORTH.

LXIX.—*THE LOST GOLD PIECE.*

ONE day a large number of guests sat at the dinner-table of the principal hotel in Dresden, the beautiful capital of Saxony. Foreigners and native Germans sat side by side, eating, talking, and apparently having a very good time. Suddenly a young merchant, who had traveled through India, attracted the attention of everybody by holding up a piece of gold money which he had brought with him from that country. The coin was eight-cornered, and had very strange figures on both sides of it. The company present were greatly surprised to see such a beautiful and queer piece of money, and it is no wonder that they admired it.

2. The gentleman owning it let it pass around the table, and a good many remarks were made about how such a queer piece of money could have been prepared. Finally it reached the hands of a gentleman sitting at the end of the table, who was apparently an officer of high rank, and who had been so intent upon conversation with his neighbor that he was really the only one in the company who had not paid much attention to the curious coin. He looked at it a moment, noticed the figures with some indifference, and then laid it down on the table, saying, "Oh, I know that piece of money already; I have seen one before," and continued his conversation.

3. Shortly afterwards the people began to talk about other things, and the piece of money was apparently forgotten. As the dinner—which lasted a good while—drew

to a close, the young merchant who owned the money looked around upon the guests, and said, "Will the gentleman to whom my piece of money was handed last be kind enough to give it to me again, for I have not yet received it?"

4. The people were greatly astonished at this remark, and wondered that he had not received the money again. Every one declared that he had passed it on to the one sitting next to him, but nobody seemed able to tell what had become of it. The company were in great surprise at the thought that a thief could possibly be in their number, and yet it did seem that somebody had taken the gold coin.

5. Finally, when the money could not be found, an old gentleman arose and said, in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, since every one of you says he has not got the piece of money, and since all of us in this dining-room are responsible to you for it, I propose to you that each one have his pockets searched by the landlord, and I am willing that mine should be searched first. The landlord and I will take our position at the door, and I propose that nobody leave the hall until the landlord has examined his pockets. In fact, there is nothing else that we can do, if we want to save ourselves against the supposition that some one of us is a thief."

6. It appeared that everybody was agreed to this proposition, and one after another had his pockets searched by the landlord. Finally, the officer who had given but little attention to the piece of money when it was handed to him, said, "Gentlemen, I do not agree to have my pockets searched, though I give you my honor as a soldier that I do not have in my possession the piece of money. Here is my name, and that is all I can submit to."

7. All eyes were now directed to this officer, and immediately every one else seemed to have a suspicion that he was the one who had the money in his pocket. Several said to him that, as they had been searched, it was nothing

more than right that he should be also. But he protested against it, and said that he would submit to it under no condition whatever.

8. "Then," said they, "we shall have to consider that you are the thief, unless you agree to have your pockets searched."

9. "I am no thief, gentlemen; and yet I will not consent to have my pockets searched."

10. Just in the midst of the excitement, a rap was heard at the door. The landlord opened it, and seeing the chief waiter of the hotel before him, asked him what he desired.

11. "I wish to tell you, sir," said he, "that in one of the napkins which has just been brought from the table there was found this gold piece, which fell out when the napkin was thrown into the pile of soiled ones. I have come to give it to you that you may return it to the owner."

12. The whole company were greatly surprised, and there was a universal feeling of satisfaction; and those people who had accused the officer of being a thief felt very much ashamed of themselves, and would have been glad to find any place in which to hide.

13. The officer now seeing that they could no more call him thief, stood up before the company and said, "Gentlemen, I think you will now allow me the privilege of saying a word. The reason why I did not allow my pockets to be searched was, that I had in my portmonnaie a piece of gold just like the piece which the waiter has returned to the owner. If it had been found in my pocket, and the other piece had never been found, I would have been called, and with some show of reason perhaps, a thief. There are strange things in this world, and we can never be too sure we are right. See, here is my piece of money!"

14. And with that, the officer took out a piece of gold which was in every respect like that owned by the merchant.



LXX.—*BEAUTY.*

I.

A YOUNG lady sought out a fairy's green bowers,
The queen sat enshrined in her kingdom of flowers
"A boon," said the maiden; "I crave it from thee;
Give beauty, give beauty, good fairy, to me."

II.

The queen, from the bell of a wild flower, drew
Two caskets, each wet with the bright morning dew;
The one, a plain box from the leaf of a vine,
The other, as gay as a gem from the mine.

III.

"Thy choice," said the fairy; "and on it depends
The kind of that beauty I give to my friends;
For know, little maiden," she added with grace,
"There is beauty of heart and beauty of face."

IV.

A moment of doubt, and her wish was expressed;
The prize was selected the lady loved best;
And, little surprised, the fairy queen heard
The gay little casket was the one she preferred.

V.

They parted. A few years had rolled swiftly away,
When the fairy was sought by the lady one day.
The gift she rejected far brighter had grown,
While that she selected was faded and gone.

VI.

The sad lesson now was revealed to her plain,
That "beauty of face" was but transient and vain.
So all little misses should act a wise part,
And early make choice of the "*BEAUTY OF HEART.*"

LXXI.—*THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD.*

“COBBLER, stick to thy last!” This proverb was never so royally exemplified as it was in the following true history, the principal actor in which was Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, one of the most loving as well as one of the most beloved monarchs that ever wielded a scepter.

2. On one hot summer day, King Maximilian, clad in very plain habiliments, had gone out alone, as was his wont, to walk in the fine park which surrounded his castle, and after a time drew a volume from his pocket and seated himself on a bench to read. The sultriness of the air and the perfect stillness of the place made his eyes heavy, and, laying down his book on the bench beside him, the monarch fell into a doze.

3. His slumber did not last long, however, and on awaking he rose to continue his walk, but forgot his book, and left it lying on the bench. Wandering onward from one division of the extensive park to another, he at length passed beyond its limits, and entered on those grassy downs which stretch down to the margin of the lake.

4. All at once the king remembered his book, and the possibility that it might be seen and appropriated by some stranger passing by. Unwilling to lose a book he valued, and equally unwilling to retrace the way he had come, while the lake path to the castle lay temptingly before him, the king looked round in every direction for some one whom he could send for the volume; but the only human being within view was a boy tending a large flock of geese.

5. The monarch, therefore, went up to him and said,—

“Hearken, my lad. Dost think thou couldst find for me a book I left in such and such a part of the park? You will get twenty-five cents for bringing it to me.”

6. The boy, who had never before seen the king, cast a most incredulous look on the corpulent gentleman who

made him so astounding a proffer, and then turned away saying, with an air of comical resentment,—

“I am not so stupid as you take me for.”

7. “Why do you think I consider you stupid?” asked the monarch.

8. “Because you offer me twenty-five cents for so trifling a service. So much money cannot be earned so easily.” was the sturdy reply.

9. “Now, indeed,” said the king, smiling good-humoredly, “I must think thee a simpleton. Why do you thus doubt my word?”

10. “Those up yonder,” replied the boy, pointing in the direction of the distant castle, “are ready enough to make sport of the like of us; and ye’re one of them, I’m thinking.”

11. “And suppose I were?” said the king. “But see, here are the twenty-five cents; take them, and fetch me the book.”

12. The herd-boy’s eyes sparkled as he held actually in his hands a sum of money nearly equal to the hard coin of his summer’s herding, and yet he hesitated.

13. “How now?” cried the king. “Why don’t you set off at once?”

14. “I would fain do it, but I dare not,” said the poor fellow; “for if the villagers hear I have left the plaguy geese, they will turn me off, and how shall I earn my bread then?”

15. “Simpleton!” exclaimed the king. “I will herd the geese till you return.”

16. “You!” said the rustic, with a most contemptuous elongation of the pronoun. “You would make a pretty goose-herd! you are much too fat and much too stiff. Suppose they broke away from you now and got into the rich meadow yonder; I should have more trespass-money to pay than my year’s wages come to. Just look at the ‘Court Gardener’ there—him with the black head and wings; he is a regular deserter, a false knave; he is, for all the world, like one of the court people, and they, we all

know, are good for nothing. He would lead you a fine dance! Nay, it would never do."

17. The king felt ready to burst with suppressed laughter, but, mastering himself, asked, with tolerable composure,--

"Why can I not keep geese in order as easily as men? I have plenty of them to control."

18. "You!" again said the boy, sneeringly, as he measured the monarch from head to foot. "They must be silly ones, then. But perhaps you're a schoolmaster. Yet, even if ye be, it is much easier to manage boys than geese; that I can tell ye."

19. "It may be so," said the king; "but come, make short work. Will you bring the book, or will you not?"

20. "I would gladly do it," stammered the boy, "but--"

"I'll be answerable for the geese," cried the king, "and pay all damages, if such there be."

21. This decided the question; and so, after exacting a promise that his substitute would pay particular attention to the doings of the stately gander, whom he designated as the Court Gardener, he placed the whip in the king's hands and set off on his errand. But scarcely had he gone a few yards when he turned back again.

22. "What is the matter now?" called out the king.

23. "Crack the whip!" resounded in return.

The monarch swung it with his best effort, but procured no sounding whack.

24. "I thought so!" exclaimed the rustic. "A schoolmaster, forsooth, and cannot crack a whip!"

25. So saying, he snatched the whip from the king's hand, and began, with more zeal than success, to instruct him in the science of whip-cracking. The king, though scarcely able to contain himself, tried in right earnest, and at length succeeded in extracting a tolerably sharp report from the leathern instrument of authority; and the boy, after once more trying to impress the duties of his responsible office on his temporary substitute, ran off at full speed in the direction the king had indicated.

26. The monarch, who could now indulge in a hearty laugh, sat himself down on a tree-stump which the goose-herd had previously occupied to await the return of his messenger. But it really seemed as if his feathered charge had discovered that the whip was no longer wielded by their accustomed prompt and vigilant commander, for the treacherous Court Gardener suddenly stretched out his long neck, and, after reconnoitering on all sides, uttered two or three shrill screams.

27. Upon this, as if a tempest had all at once rushed under the multitude of wings, the whole flock rose simultaneously into the air, and, before the king could recover from his surprise, they were careering with loud screams towards the rich meadows bordering on the lake, over which they quickly spread themselves in all possible directions.

28. At the first outburst, the royal herdsman called, "Halt!" with all his might. He brandished, and tried hard to crack, the whip, but extracted no sound which could intimidate the Court Gardener. He then ran to and fro, until, streaming with perspiration and yielding to adverse fate, he reseated himself on the tree-stump, and, leaving the geese to their own devices, quietly awaited the return of his messenger.

29. "The boy was right, after all," said he to himself. "It is easier to govern a couple of millions of men than a flock of 'plaguy geese;' and a Court Gardener can do a deal of mischief."

30. Meanwhile the boy had reached the bench, found the book, and sped back in triumph, little dreaming of the discomfort his substitute had experienced; but when, on coming close up to the king, he looked round in vain for his charge, and, still worse, when their vociferous cackling led his eyes in the direction of the forbidden meadow, he was so overwhelmed that, letting fall the book, he exclaimed, half crying with vexation,—

"There we have it! I knew how it would be. Did I not

say from the first you understood nothing? And what is to be done now? I can never get them together by myself. You must help; that's a fact."

31. The king consented. The herd-boy placed him at one corner, showed him how to move his outstretched arms up and down, whilst he must shout with all his might; and then the boy set out himself, whip in hand, to gather in the farthest scattered of the flock.

32. The king did his best, and, after terrible exertions, the cackling runaways were once more congregated on their allotted territory.

33. But now the boy gave free vent to his indignation, rated the king soundly for neglect, and wound up all by declaring,—

"Never shall any one get my whip from me again, or tempt me with twenty-five cents to give up my geese; no, not to the king himself."

34. "You are right there, my fine fellow," said the good-natured Maximilian, bursting into a laugh; "he understands goose-herding quite as little as I do."

35. "And you laugh at it into the bargain!" said the boy, in high dudgeon.

36. "Well, look ye now," said the monarch; "I am the king."

37. "You!" once more reiterated the indignant goose-herd. "I am not such a flat as to believe that; not I. So lift up your book and get along with you."

38. The king quietly took up his book, saying, as he handed fifty cents additional to the lad,—

"Don't be angry with me, my boy. I give you my word I'll never undertake to herd geese again."

39. The boy fixed a doubting gaze on the mysterious donor of such unexampled wealth, then added, with a wise shake of the head,—

"You're a kind gentleman, whoever you may be; but you'll never make a good goose-herd."



LXXII.—*THE JOLLY OLD CROW.*

I.

ON the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,
And chatted away with glee, with glee,
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried, "It's all for me, for me!"

II.

"Look, look, how he scatters his seeds around;
He is wonderful kind to the poor, the poor;
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, I'm sure, I'm sure!"

III.

"I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such a regard for the crow, the crow,
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in a row, a row!"

IV.

“He must have a very great fancy for me;
He tries to entrap me enough, enough;
But I measure his distance as well as he,
And when he comes near, I’m off, I’m off!”

LXXIII.—*MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.*

“SHALL I reach Tournay to-night before the gates are shut?” asked a wagoner, who was driving an empty cart drawn by a pair of horses at great speed, of another whom he passed driving a similar vehicle slowly along a high-road of France. “Shall I be able to get there to-night before they shut the gates?” he repeated impatiently.

2. “Yes, you’ll be in plenty of time if you drive slowly,” replied the second wagoner; and he proceeded on his way, while the first drove rapidly by, exclaiming:—

3. “A pretty way to get to one’s destination—to drive slowly and waste time on the road! No, no, that won’t suit me! I’ll go as fast as my horses can lay legs to the ground.” And he shook the reins and urged his horses to still greater speed.

4. Meanwhile the driver who had given him the good advice proceeded slowly on his way. Presently he noticed that one of his horses had lost a nail from one of its shoes.

5. “This won’t do,” said the driver; “best remedy a small evil at once.”

6. So he drove on as carefully as possible, lest the shoe that was clapping in a loose manner on the road should fall off altogether. And at the next smithy he halted, and unharnessed the good old horse from the wagon. The smith brought out his tools, and in a few minutes honest Ball’s shoe was fixed on as tight as ever.

7. “Only a quarter of an hour lost,” he said, “but we can move all the more briskly for the delay; so here we start again.”

8. Thus he went on steadily and perseveringly, and arrived at Tournay a full quarter-hour before the gates were shut.

9. And how fared it with the other wagoner, who could not afford to go steadily, lest he should arrive too late? Listen, and you shall hear.

10. He drove on, increasing his speed as the time wore on. Presently, he noticed that one of his horses began to limp.

11. "Foolish beast!" he said, "who is to get down now, I wonder, to look after your ailments? If you've a stone in your foot, you may shake it out as best you can. I cannot afford to wait for you to-day."

12. And he gave the poor horse a loud crack with the whip on the back, so that it gave a plunge, and stumbled on faster than before.

13. The horse began to limp more than ever. The stone was still there, and the hoof was becoming bruised and sore; but the wagoner would not stop a moment. But now a rough piece of road is to be traversed, surely our driver will check his speed here, and proceed slowly?

14. But no; he only thinks of getting to his destination as quickly as possible. He urges on his horses; the poor beast who has fallen lame gives a desperate plunge, and falling down, breaks the pole of the wagon asunder.

15. No thought of reaching Tournay that night. The best thing to be done is to seek assistance at the next farmhouse, and go in quest of a carpenter or wheelwright to mend the broken pole.

16. And the wheelwright, when he comes, says that the necessary repairs will occupy at least twenty-four hours, and that he cannot drive his wagon into Tournay until the second day after the accident.

17. Then the driver wished he had taken the advice of his comrade, and made less haste in the first instance to get on; and he understood how much truth there is in the saying, **THE MORE HASTE, THE LESS SPEED.**

LXXIV.—*THE LINNET CHOIR.*

I.

A LINNET choir sang in a chestnut crown,—
 A hundred, perhaps, or more,—
 Till the stream of their song ran warbling down
 And entered a cottage door;
 And this was the burden of their lay,
 As they piped in the yellow tree:
 "I love my sweet little lady-bird,
 And know that she loves me:
 'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'
 We linnets are a merry band,
 A happy company."

II.

It chanced that a poet passed that way,
 With a quick and merry thought,
 And, listening to the roundelay,
 His ear their language caught:
 Quoth he, as he heard the minstrels sing,
 "What heavenly harmony!
 I shall steal that song and carry it home
 To my dear family—
 'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'"
 And that song they sing now every eve,
 His children, wife, and he.

CAPERN.

LXXV.—*THE POOR TAVERN-KEEPER.*

IN a little town, five miles from St. Petersburg, lived a poor German woman. A small cottage was her only possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters, on their way to St. Petersburg, were her only source of livelihood.

2. Several Dutch shipmasters having supped at her house one evening, she found, when they were gone, a sealed bag of money under the table. Some one of the company had no doubt forgotten it, but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and the wind being fair, there was no chance of their putting back.

3. The woman placed the bag in her cupboard, to keep it till it should be called for. Full seven years, however, elapsed, and no one claimed it; and though often tempted by opportunity, and oftener by want, to make use of the contents, the poor woman's good principles prevailed, and it remained untouched.

4. One evening, some shipmasters again stopped at her house for refreshments. Three of them were English, and the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing on various matters, one of them asked the Dutchman if he had ever been in that town before.

5. "Indeed I have," replied he; "I know the place but too well. My being here cost me once seven hundred rubles."*

6. "How so?"

"Why, in one of these wretched hovels I once left behind me a bag of rubles."

7. "Was the bag sealed?" asked the woman, who was sitting in a corner of the room, and whose attention was aroused by the subject.

8. "Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain."

9. The woman knew the seal instantly. "Well, then," said she, "by that you may recover what you have lost."

10. "Recover it, mother! No, no; I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest. Besides, it is full seven years since I lost the money. Say no more about it, it always makes me melancholy."

11. Meanwhile, the woman slipped out, and presently returned with the bag. "See here," said she; "honesty is not so rare, perhaps, as you imagine;" and she threw the bag on the table.

12. We can easily believe that the Dutchman was astonished and delighted to find every coin in the bag as he had left it, and that he liberally rewarded her fidelity in keeping it for him so long.

* Russian coins worth about seventy-five cents each.

LXXVI.—*THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM*

I.

IT was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!"

IV.

"I find them in the garden;
There are many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out,
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

V.

"Now, tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for?"

VI.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory!

VII.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly:
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a hapless mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

XI.

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory!”

SOUTHEY.

LXXVII.—*THE CAPTIVE WOODCHUCK.*

WHEN Daniel Webster was some ten or twelve years of age, the vegetables in the garden of his father, who was a farmer, had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole was near the premises. Daniel and his elder brother, Ezekiel, finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser in a trap.

2. “Now we will kill the thief,” cried Ezekiel. “You’ve done mischief enough, Mr. Woodchuck, and you shall die.”

3. “No, don’t,” begged his brother, pitying the poor captive, “take him to the woods and let him go.” The boys could not agree, and so they carried the case to their father.

4. “Well, my boys,” said the old gentleman, “I will be judge and you shall be the counsel, and plead the case for and against the life and liberty of the dumb prisoner.”

5. Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument; urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, and the great harm he had already done. He said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and if he should be suffered to live and go at large again, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to be re-captured.

6. He remarked that his skin was of some value, but, to make the most of him, he would not repay half the damage he had already done; and he ought now to be put to death. His argument was ready, practical, and to the point; and the father looked with pride upon his son; who in his manhood became a distinguished jurist.

7. Daniel saw that his brother's plea had sensibly affected his father, the judge; and as his large, brilliant, black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, trembling with fear, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words for the life and liberty of the captive.

8. "God," said he, "made the woodchuck. He made him to live; to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God did not make the woodchuck, or anything, in vain, and he has as much right to life as any other living thing. He is not a destructive animal, like the wolf and fox, but simply eats a few common vegetables, of which we have plenty, and can well spare a part. He destroys nothing except the little food he needs to sustain life, and that is as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as is to us the food upon our mother's table.

9. "God furnishes our food. He gives us all that we possess; and shall we not spare a little for the dumb creature which really has as much right to his small share of God's bounty as we have to our portion? Yea, more; the woodchuck has never violated the laws of his nature, nor the laws of God, as man often does, but he strictly follows the simple, harmless instincts which he received from the hand of the Creator of all things.

10. "Created by God's hand, he has a right, from him, to life, to food, to liberty; and we have no right to deprive him of either. Witness the mute but earnest pleadings of the poor animal, for that life which is as sweet to him as ours is to us; and if, in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness, we deprive him of that life which God gave, and which we cannot restore, we must expect a just and righteous judgment for our wanton act."

11. During this appeal, the tears had started in the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had blessed him in his children, beyond the common lot of man. His pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion:

and the strong appeal for mercy ; and while Daniel was yet in the midst of his argument, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, dashing the tears from his eyes, and exclaimed, " Zeke ! Zeke ! let that woodchuck go ! "

LXXVIII.—*ALL'S FOR THE BEST.*

I.

ALL'S for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage for ever is happy and wise :
All for the best,—if a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best !

II.

All for the best ! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
All for the best ! be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
Wisely and warily all for the best.

III.

All for the best ! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van ;
And in the midst of your dangers or errors
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man :
All's for the best ! unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West ;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope, and be happy, since all's for the best !

M. F. TUPPER.

LXXIX.—*THE MUSCLES.*

THE muscles are the fleshy part of the body. Besides giving roundness and beauty to the human form, they possess the power of shrinking and lengthening like a piece of India-rubber. Attached to them are strong white cords called sinews or tendons, the ends of which are fastened to the bones. When the muscles contract they pull these tendons, and thus give motion to the different parts of the body.

2. For example, if I wish to bring my hand to my head, the muscles on my arm between the shoulder and the elbow immediately shrink and pull up the forearm. When I wish my hand to go back, another set of muscles on the back part of the arm contract, and straighten out the arm again. The muscles are usually thus found in pairs, one set to bend a limb, another to straighten it.

3. The whole body contains about four hundred and fifty muscles, or two hundred and twenty-five pairs, the uses of which have been ascertained. By these muscles all the motions of the body are performed. The bones could not move without them, and any part unfurnished with suitable muscles would be motionless. The bones and the muscles are thus necessary to each other; and their union displays the wisdom and goodness of Him who is the maker and framer of our bodies.

4. There are about one hundred and fifty muscles concerned in keeping the body in an erect posture, and about two hundred are employed in the act of walking.

5. In order to travel a distance of thirty miles, each lower limb must be moved about forty thousand times, or both of them eighty thousand times. The arms in swinging at the sides move as often, so that the motions of the lower limbs and the arms thus amount together to one hundred and sixty thousand. This number, multiplied by the two hundred muscles which are brought into action at every

step, gives a product equal to thirty-two millions of motions performed in walking a distance of thirty miles.

6. How marvelous that the human body is so constituted that it can perform all these thirty-two millions of muscular actions, or motions, without injury! No iron or steel could endure such a vast amount of work as the joints of the human body thus do.

7. It is said that not less than a hundred muscles are employed every time we breathe; yet we draw our breath every moment without even being sensible of the vast and complicated apparatus that is necessary to effect this. The least impediment to our breathing throws us into the greatest distress; but how little do we value this blessing till disease or accident makes us sensible of its enjoyment.

8. Besides the muscles which move the bones, there are muscles which give motion to other parts of the body. For example, all the variety of expression in the human face is produced by the movement of a few muscles. When we smile or laugh, these expressions are produced by the movements of certain muscles in the face. In smiling, the corners of the mouth are slightly drawn up; in laughing, still more so. There are also muscles to pull down the corners of the mouth; and it is by these that the expression of sadness is given to the face. The expression of pouting is caused by the movement of a muscle which pushes out the under lip; and anger or scowling, by muscles which knit the brows. In many people these muscles are in very frequent use.

EXERCISE.

1. The muscles possess the power of *contracting* and *extending*.
2. They are *generally* found in *couples*.
3. By these muscles all the *motions* of the body are executed.
4. There are one hundred and fifty muscles *employed* in holding the body in an *upright position*.
5. How *wonderful* that the human body is so *made*!
6. We are not sensible of the *complex machinery* that is *needful*.
7. The least *hinderance* to our breathing throws us into the *greatest suffering*.

LXXX.—*THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

I.

WE were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

II.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

III.

So we shuddered there in silence:
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

IV.

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

V.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

VI.

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.

J. T. FIELDS.

LXXXI.—*THE LAWYER'S ADVICE.*

THE ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a famous place for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice, of some sort, seems absurd to the country people round about. It happened one day that a farmer, named Bernard, having come to this town on business, bethought himself that, as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer.

2. He had often heard of Lawyer Foy, who was in such high repute that people believed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman went to his office, and, after waiting some time, was admitted to an interview.

He told the lawyer that having heard much about him, and happening to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

3. "You wish to bring action, perhaps?" said the lawyer.

4. "Oh no!" replied the farmer; "I am at peace with all the world."

5. "Then it is a settlement, a division of property, that you want?"

6. "Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

7. "Is it then to get me to negotiate a purchase or sale that you have come?"

8. "Oh no! I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell."

9. "Will you tell me, then, what you *do* want of me?" said the lawyer in surprise.

10. "Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard. "I want your advice. I mean to pay for it, of course."

11. The lawyer smiled, and, taking pen and paper, asked the countryman his name.

12. "Peter Bernard," replied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.

13. "Your age?"

14. "Thirty years, or very near it."

15. "Your vocation?"

16. "What's that?"

17. "What do you do for a living?"

18. "Oh! that's what vocation means, is it? I am a farmer."

19. The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

20. "Is it finished already?" said the farmer. "Well and good! What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

21. "Three francs."

22. Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted

that he had made use of his opportunity to get a bit of advice from the great lawyer.

23. When the farmer reached home it was four o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile the hay had been two days cut, and was completely made. One of the workmen came to ask if it should be drawn in.

24. "What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-morrow."

25. Bernard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

26. "Wait a minute," he exclaimed; "I have an advice—and a famous one, too—that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says; you can read written hand better than I."

27. The woman took the paper, and read this line: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

28. "That's it!" exclaimed Bernard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. "Come, boys! come, girls! all to the hay-field! It shall not be said that I have bought a three-franc opinion to make no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."

29. Bernard himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning till all the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct and the foresight of the lawyer.

30. The weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farms were completely destroyed. Bernard alone had not suffered.

31. The success of this first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that, from that day

forth, he adopted it as the rule of his conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country.

LXXXII.—*WRITING ON SAND.*

I.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand.
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

II.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every trace on earth of me:
A wave from dark oblivion's sea
Will roll across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

III.

And yet with Him who counts the sands
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part hath wrought,
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

LXXXIII.—*THE GUNPOWDER-HARVEST.*

A TRADER came among a nation of Indians with a large quantity of gunpowder for sale. "We do not wish to buy," said the Indians; "we have plenty of powder."

2. The trader then thought of a trick for getting rid of the powder. Going into a field, he made some long furrows; then mixing his gunpowder with onion-seed, he began to sow the mixture in the furrows.

3. The Indians gathered around him, and asked him what he was putting in the ground.

"Do you not see it is gunpowder?" said he.

4. "Why do you put it in the ground?" inquired the Indians.

"Well, why do you put corn in the ground?" said he.

5. "To raise more," was the answer.

"I am planting gunpowder to raise more, just as you plant corn. You will not buy my powder; and I am going to produce a large crop, which I will take to another nation. Did you never before know how gunpowder is raised?"

6. "No," replied they; "the man who has always sold us powder never told us that. He is a cheat; we will never trade with him again. You are an honest man, and we will trade with you. We will buy your powder; we will plant it; and hereafter the ground will supply our wants."

7. Some of the more cautious among the Indians, however, thought it would be better not to do anything till the plants should spring up. In a few days the shoots from the onion-seed began to appear.

8. "Now," said the trader, "you can see for yourselves. You see that I am an honest man, and that I told you nothing but the truth." The most cautious of the Indians were convinced. Every one being anxious to raise a crop

of gunpowder, they bought the stock at a very high price, and planted it.

9. The corn was now neglected for the gunpowder. They hoed it with the greatest care, and watched every day for the appearance of the gunpowder-blossoms. They planned a great hunting expedition, which was to take place after the powder-harvest.

10. An exuberant crop of onion-seed rewarded their labors. But thrashing and winnowing failed to bring out the gunpowder. They discovered that they had been cheated. The dishonest trader, of course, avoided making a second visit to this nation. Some time afterwards, however, he sent a partner of his to trade with them.

11. By chance the Indians found out that he was a partner of the man who had cheated them. They said nothing to him about the discovery, but when he had laid out all his goods before them for the purpose of barter, they deliberately helped themselves to all he had, and walked off to the woods.

12. The trader was furiously angry, and went to make his complaint to the chief of the nation. "I am an honest man," said he; "I came here to trade honestly. But your people are thieves; they have stolen all my goods."

13. The chief looked at him for some time in silence, and then said, "My children are all honest. They have not stolen your goods. They will pay you as soon as they gather their gunpowder-harvest."

EXERCISE.

1. We do not wish to *purchase*; we have *enough* powder.
2. He is a *swindler*; we will never *deal* with him again.
3. The most *wary* of the Indians were *satisfied*.
4. The corn was now *disregarded* for the gunpowder.
5. They *proposed* a great hunting *enterprise*.
6. A *plentiful* crop of onion-seed rewarded their *efforts*.
7. They *found out* that they had been *deceived*.
8. They *calmly* helped themselves to all he had.

LXXIV.—*THE LITTLE HEART'S-EASE.*

I.

A GARDENER went, one sunshiny day,
To look at his gay parterre;*
To admire his flowers in their handsome array,
As with fragrance they scented the air;
And to walk in the shade of his stately trees,
That were waving their boughs in the morning breeze.

II.

But, alas! alas! when he reached his ground,
What a scene of disorder and sadness he found:
Each beautiful flower was drooping its head
And rapidly fading away;
And unnumbered fair leaves on the pathway were shed,
From the trees in their early decay:
And our gardener hastily sought for the reason
Why this should have happened in spring's lovely season.

III.

So he walked up first to his favorite Oak,
All withering, and asked it, "Why?"
And the noble old tree thus mournfully spoke:
"I thought I as well might die;
For I bear no fruit, nor with flowerets bloom,
And my awkward branches want so much room,—
I'm a clumsy and useless thing:
If I were a rose-tree, like that within reach,
Or if I had fruit like the soft, round peach,
Some profit I then might bring;
But, as I have nothing but leaves to give,
What motive have I for wishing to live?"

IV.

"Well, Lady Rose, with your sweet, open face,
And cheeks of a delicate hue,
I had hoped that for months you my garden would grace,—
Tell me, what is the matter with you?"

* Parterre (par-tair'), garden.

And the pretty Rose said, as she shook on her stem,
"Just look at your oak-trees; if I were like them
How happy and proud I should be!
I should rear my tall head in your well-cultured ground,
An ornament there, which for many miles round
Admiring people might see;
But a poor little flower, unproductive as I,
What use is it to you?—I'd much rather die."

V.

"O beautiful Vine, which I trained with such care
To climb up the sheltering wall!
Say, why are you trailing so dolefully there?
And what has occasioned your fall?"
And the Vine faintly murmured: "As I had not strength
My own weight to sustain, I determined at length
Not to trouble my friends any longer:
Could I yield a shade like the wide-spreading trees
Or if, like the flowers, I had gifts that would please,
Why, then, I might try to grow stronger;
But a poor feeble creature, requiring a stay,
Had better make haste to get out of the way."

VI.

Quite saddened with looks and with words of gloom,
The gardener with joy espied
A dear little Heart's-ease, in full, rich bloom,
As fresh as a fair young bride:
It turned up its bright little face toward him,
With a smile which none of its neighbors would dim,
And he said, with surprise, "How is it
That you so contented and healthful appear?
And that yours is the only countenance here
That welcomes me in my visit?"

VII.

And the Heart's-ease replied, in a quick, cheerful tone,
"Dear master, I felt that I was not my own.
And it seemed to my simple perception clear,
That you certainly wanted me:

For you would have planted an acorn here,
 Had you wished for a stately tree;
 Or had you desired sweet grapes to find,
 A vine-plant would in my place have twined;
 And therefore my obvious duty
 Was to strive and grow with untiring zest,
 Since the hearty endeavor to do one's best
 Is the truest worth and beauty;
 And I saw that the work which you gave me to do
 Was to grow up a fine little Heart's-ease for you."

VIII.

Dear reader! let this simple Heart's-ease teach
 The moral I wish to impart:
 Sigh not for stations placed beyond reach,
 But strive to serve thy Maker where thou art:
 The gardener soweth only tiny seeds
 Where he desires to raise but simple flowers;
 If God required from thee an angel's deeds,
 He would have given thee an angel's powers;
 But all he asks from each of us while here,
 Is that with calm contentment we should rest
 In our appointed and appropriate sphere,
 And there, with loving spirit, do our best.

LXXXV.—*THE WOODPECKER.*

"**H**ARK!" And Aggy turned her little head to listen.
 "It's a woodpecker," said Harry. We all ran out
 into the porch.

2. "Two of them," cried Aggy. "Oh, what beauties!
 and such splendid topknots!"

3. Two large crested Woodpeckers had alighted on an old
 half-decayed poplar that stood near the house, and were
 hammering away on the dead wood, making the chips and
 bark fly in all directions. Suddenly their work stopped,
 and the birds, one on the upper and the other on the lower

side of a great limb, stood looking at each other as it seemed in a fierce, angry way.

4. "Not going to quarrel, I hope," said Aggy.

5. At this moment I saw the cause of what seemed their singular conduct. A great spider, busy in making his web, had let himself down from a branch, and was hanging on his slender thread just between the birds, a tempting morsel. Scarcely had my eyes made him out when the woodpecker on the lower side of the limb darted upward his slender bill and the spider was no more.

6. Then at it went both the birds again, hammering and cutting the dead limb, and feasting on the worms that were hidden therein. For about ten minutes they worked away vigorously, and then some noise we made scared them, and they flew off to the woods near by.

7. "Tell us about woodpeckers," said Harry as we went back into the house.

8. I took down a book as the children gathered around me and read: "The Crested Woodpecker is called by Wilson the great northern chief of his tribe. He excels in carpentry, and almost every old trunk in the forest, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian Dominion, bears marks of his chisel; for whenever he perceives a tree beginning to decay, he examines it closely, and then, to get at the hidden cause of the disease, sets himself to work to strip it of its bark. 'I have seen him,' says Wilson, 'separate the greater part of the bark from a large dead pine tree, from twenty to thirty feet long, in less than a quarter of an hour.'

9. "Like the rest of his family, the Crested Woodpecker is extremely industrious, seemingly never a moment idle, flying from tree to tree, and plying his head like a hammer the instant he alights. In whatever engaged, he appears always to be in a hurry.

10. "He is extremely tenacious of life. Even when fatally wounded, he struggles with unconquerable resolution to maintain his grasp on the trunk, to which he trusts for

safety to the very instant of death. When winged by a gunshot wound, he makes for the nearest tree, to which he clings with the utmost tenacity, striking fiercely at the hand outstretched to seize him, and, resolute for his native freedom, rarely submits to live in confinement.

11. "Powerful as are the strokes of the Crested Woodpecker, they are weak as compared with those delivered by another member of the family, the Ivory-billed Woodpecker—the 'prince' as he may be called, by a free rendering of the specific name conferred on him by science. The strength of his blow verges on the marvelous. His bill is as white, as tough, and as hard as ivory, and is elegantly fluted. With it he can dig into the hardest trees, either for wood or in the excavation of his nest.

12. "Wilson tells us of one he wounded and caught, which, in its endeavors to escape from the room in which he had enclosed it, 'mounted along the side of the window nearly as high as the ceiling, and began to break through.' When discovered, he set up a most piteous cry of grief. 'The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster, the lath was exposed for at least fifteen inches square, and a hole large enough to admit the fist opened to the weatherboards.

13. "'I now tied a string round his leg,' continues Wilson, 'and fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I reascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work, and on entering had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened.

14. "'On the whole, he displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance, and I witnessed his death with regret.'

15. "According to the same authority, the head and bill of this bird were held in great esteem by the Indian tribes formerly living in our Southern States. They were worn

by way of amulet or charm, the Indians believing that a portion of the indomitable courage of the bird was thereby infused into their own spirits.

16. "The tongue of the woodpecker is justly considered a curiosity. It is commonly supposed to be very long, but in one sense this is an error. Indeed, that portion of it which corresponds to the tongue in other birds is remarkably short, its apparent extreme length being due to certain mechanical contrivances at its base, which may be compared to steel springs, moving the whole organ, and allowing it to be thrust out to an extraordinary distance.

17. "The tongue proper is a horn-like substance, set with numerous fine barbs on each side of the tip. Having with its bill laid bare the retreats of the insects on which it preys, the bird darts out his tongue at them with the rapidity and fatal certainty of lightning, transfixing them on its barbed point, and thus draws them into his mouth. With many of the smaller insects, such as ants and the like, these barbs are not called into play, the capture being effected by a viscid secretion on the tongue, to which the insects adhere."

18. "The birds we saw, then, were Crested Woodpeckers?" said Harry as I closed the book.

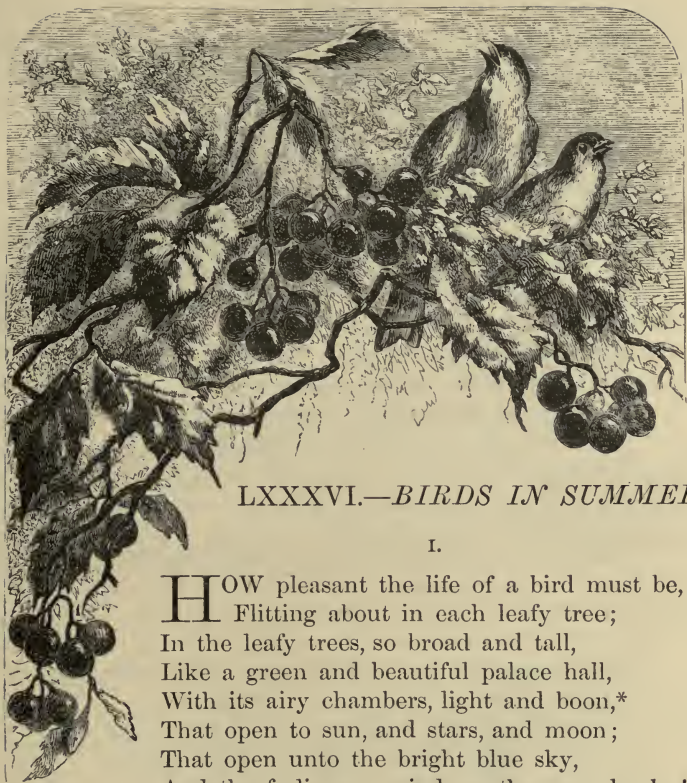
19. "Yes, and a splendid pair they were."

20. "Well, I'm glad they came to our old tree," returned Harry, "for now I know more about woodpeckers than I ever did before."

ANNA WILMOT.

EXERCISE.

1. When he sees a tree beginning to rot he *inspects* it *carefully*.
2. The woodpecker is very *active*, *apparently* never idle.
3. When *mortally* wounded he *strives* with *invincible* determination to *keep* his hold.
4. He *seldom* submits to live in *imprisonment*.
5. The strength of his blow is *almost* wonderful.
6. I had the *unhappiness* to see that he had almost *wholly* spoiled the table.
7. He *rejected* all food, and I saw his death with sorrow.

LXXXVI.—*BIRDS IN SUMMER*

I.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;
 In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,*
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

II.

They have left their nests on the forest bough;
 Those homes of delight they need not now;
 And the young and the old they wander out,
 And traverse their green world round about;
 And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How one to the other in love they call!
 "Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
 "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

* Boon, pleasant.

III.

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

IV.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn!
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space;—

V.

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

VI.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

VII.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
 To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
 And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
 That gladdened some fairy region old!
 On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.



LXXXVII.—GEYSER SPRINGS.

MR. HORTON. Geysers* are indeed very wonderful things!"

Willy. What are they, father? won't you please to tell me?"

Mr. H. They are fountains that throw large quantities of hot water and steam to a great height in the air.

Willy. In what part of the world are they found?

Mr. H. In Iceland. One of them, which is called the Great Geyser, has the appearance of a large mound. You go up its sides, and you find a large basin at the top, not quite round, being fifty-six feet across in one way and forty-six the other, and about four feet deep. In the center is a hole or pipe going down into the earth seventy-eight feet. This pipe is eight or ten feet in diameter, widening as it opens into the basin. The hot water rises through the pipe and fills the basin, and then runs off over the sides. Every few hours there are heard loud reports, like that of distant artillery, in the earth beneath the basin, and then water is thrown from the pipe with violence and to a great height.

Willy. How high is it thrown?

Mr. H. Sometimes the column of water is thrown twenty or thirty feet high, sometimes fifty feet, and sometimes as

* Pronounced Gȳ-serz (*g* as in *get*).

high as seventy or eighty feet. Think of a column of water eight or ten feet in diameter thrown up seventy feet with a tremendous roar, and a cloud of steam along with it!

Willy. I should think it would be one of the most wonderful sights in the world.

Mr. H. It is so.

Willy. Does it rise swiftly?

Mr. H. Very swiftly. Sometimes large stones are thrown up. Sometimes visitors cast stones into the pipes, and they are thrown out and up into the air along with the water. Sometimes they are kept up in the air four or five minutes by the action of the water. There are a great many smaller geysers in the vicinity of this larger one. A Mr. Henderson, who visited them in 1814, thinks he discovered the key of one of the largest of them.

Willy. The key! what did he mean?

Mr. H. The way of exciting it to action. They throw out the steam and water, as I said, at intervals. After there have been loud reports, and a shaking of the earth, and an ejection of water and steam, they will be quiet for some time, so that the spectator has to wait several hours perhaps before he may see them in operation again. But Mr. Henderson found that by throwing a quantity of large stones into the opening he could cause it to make an eruption whenever he pleased. At one time, when it had been excited to action in this way, it threw up jets of water and steam more than two hundred feet high.

Willy. It seems as if Mr. Henderson made it angry by throwing in stones.

Mr. H. When the sun was shining on these jets they had a most brilliant appearance. The water was as white as snow, and rainbows were seen all about it. Besides the water-pipes, there are a great many steam-pipes in the vicinity—that is, holes in the earth out of which columns of steam issue. The clouds of steam sometimes thrown out cover the whole heavens from the view.

Willy. Is the water hot?

Mr. H. Yes, it is very hot, and people often get badly scalded by its falling upon them. At one time Mr. Henderson was looking into the pipe of one of the largest, when the column of scalding water came up as swift as an arrow within a few inches of his face.

Willy. I guess he ran. But what is the cause of the water spurting up so?

Mr. H. I can tell you the general cause by which it is thrown up, though I cannot explain the particular manner in which it is done. The volcanic fires underneath are the cause. These fires are near the surface at this place.

Willy. Is n't it dangerous to be there?

Mr. H. It is. The crust of earth over the fire is very thin, and may fall in at any moment.

Willy. What makes the fires there?

Mr. H. I can't answer that question. Probably all the interior of the earth is one mass of fire.

Willy. One mass of fire! Do you suppose there is fire under our feet?

Mr. H. I presume there is; the crust between us and the fire is much thicker than in volcanic countries.

Willy. But still it may burn through. I did not think that we were in so much danger.

Mr. H. We are always in danger—are never safe but when in the Almighty's hand. There alone is safety. If we put our trust in Him, we are safe anywhere; if we do not, we are safe nowhere.

EXERCISE.

1. Geysers are *marvelous* things.
2. They *project an immense amount* of hot water and steam into the air.
3. Every few hours there are heard loud *noises like far-off cannon*.
4. There are smaller geysers in the *neighborhood* of the larger ones.
5. It threw up *streams* of water and vapor.
6. *It is likely that the inside* of the earth is one mass of fire.

LXXXVIII.—*THE EMIGRANTS.*

ALL.

LAND! land! land!

FIRST VOICE.

The dangers of the deep are past,
We're drawing near our home at last,
We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailors' welcome cry:

ALL.

Land! land! land!

SECOND VOICE.

Oh! joyful thought for weary men,
To tread the solid earth again!
And hark! the church-bells pealing clear
From spire and turret looming near,
As if they rang so loud and free
To bid us welcome o'er the sea.

ALL.

Land! land! land!

THIRD VOICE.

The cry makes every heart rejoice;
Is this the country of our choice?
Is this the long-sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the board of toil?

ALL.

Land! land! land!

FOURTH VOICE.

How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
With bounding step, uplifted head,
And through its wilds and forests roam,
To clear our farms, to build our home;
And sleep at night, and never dread
That morn shall see us wanting bread.

ALL.

Land! land! land!

FIFTH VOICE.

We've passed together o'er the sea;
 In storm and sunshine, comrades we;
 But ere we part we'll gather round
 And shout with one accord the sound—

ALL.

Land! land! land!

SIXTH VOICE.

The land of rivers broad and deep;
 The land where he who sows may reap;
 The land where, if we ploughmen will,
 We may possess the fields we till;
 So gather all, and shout once more—

ALL.

The land! the land! Hurrah for shore!

CHARLES MACKAY

LXXXIX.—*LEAVES*.

LEAVES are so common that we do not observe how beautiful they are. But let us take any common leaf into our hand and examine it—say the leaf of the strawberry-plant. See how prettily it is notched. Hold it up to the light, and see the lines that run from the middle line to the edge. Then observe how delicate and beautiful is the fine network between these lines.

2. Notice also the back of the leaf, and you will see ribs that spread out from the main rib in the middle to the edge. These form the frame of the leaf, just as timbers are the frame of a house. They are to the leaf what whale-bones are to an umbrella. They give strength to it, and without it the leaf would look faded and hang down. These ribs are very large in broad-spreading leaves, as in those of the vine and rhubarb-plant; while in leaves that are stiff and firm, like the holly and the laurel, the ribs are very small.

3. Some leaves are of a very singular shape, and one of the most remarkable is that of the pitcher-plant, a native of China. At the end of the leaf the main rib extends like a tendril, and to this is attached a little pitcher with a lid on the top. This lid, though it can be raised, is generally shut down. The rain, therefore, cannot get in, and yet the pitcher is always full of water.

4. Now, how do you suppose this water gets there? It is a part of the sap of the plant, and is poured from thousands of little mouths on the inside into the pitcher, which is thus kept filled with water.

5. This plant is quite common in the island of Ceylon, where it is called the monkey-cup, because the monkeys sometimes open the lid and drink the water. Men, too, sometimes drink from these little pitchers, when there is no spring of water at hand where they can quench their thirst.

6. The leaf of the Venus fly-trap—a plant which is a native of Canada—is a real trap for flies and other insects. When undisturbed, it looks as if no danger were there; but let an insect alight on the leaf, and he is made a prisoner at once. The two parts of the leaf close, and the points on the edges are locked together, so as to furnish bars to the prison.

7. Most leaves are thin, but some are very thick, as in the case of the India-rubber tree. The plants called cactuses have thick fleshy leaves, which make them look very awkward; but the flowers are very beautiful. It is a singular fact that if one of the leaves be broken off and put into the ground, it will take root and grow.

8. Why does a leaf fade when it is plucked from a tree? It is because the sap can no longer get to it; just as no water can get into a house when the water-pipe is cut off. When the leaf is on the tree, the sap flows to all parts of it through the ribs of the leaf; the ribs, like the stem, having innumerable little pipes in them for the sap to run in. But when a leaf is plucked, the watery part of the sap

escapes into the air through innumerable little holes or pores on the under surface of the leaf, so small that they cannot be seen without the aid of a powerful microscope. When the ribs and the fine network between them have thus lost their supply of sap, the leaf is said to be faded.

9. The water in the leaf of the pitcher-plant, as already stated, comes from the pores on the inside. If, instead of having a pitcher shape, the leaf were laid open and spread out like a common leaf, the water would all pass away into the air; but the little pitcher, with its curious lid, prevents the moisture from escaping, and is soon quite full. This shows how much water escapes from leaves into the air. If any common leaf could be changed into a pitcher or cup shape, with a lid on it, it would soon become filled with water, flowing into it from the pores of the leaf.

10. Leaves may be said to be continually breathing moisture into the air. This moisture helps to make the air soft, and the fragrance of the flowers makes it balmy. Each leaf, it is true, yields but little water, and so does but little good in this way; but there are so many leaves that a large quantity of moisture is continually escaping from them into the air.

11. Those who desire to do good in the world may learn a lesson from the leaves. A large amount of good may be done when each does a little. Let each do all the good he can; and though it may not be noticed by others, God sees it all, and remembers it.



XC.—THE KING OF THE WIND.

I.

HE burst through the ice-pillared gates of the north,
And away on his hurricane wings he rushed forth:
He exulted all free in his might and his speed,
He mocked at the Lion, and taunted the steed:
He whistled along through each cranny and creek;
He whirled o'er the mountains with hollow-toned shriek;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
And alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind!

II.

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laughed, as they crumbled, with maniac yell;
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
Till, wild in his fury, he hurled it in twain:
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age,
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage.
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind:
Supreme in his sway was the King of the Wind!

III.

He careered o'er the waters with death and despair;
He wrecked the proud ship—and his triumph was there:
The cheeks that had blanched not at foeman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turned pale and afraid:
He rocked the stanch light-house, he shivered the mast;
He howled;—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast;
And he roared in his glory, "Where, where will you find
A despot so great as the King of the Wind?"

ELIZA COOK.

EXERCISE.

1. He *rejoiced* in his *strength* and his *swiftness*.
2. He *laughed* at the lion and *sneered* at the horse.
3. He *rushed* o'er the earth—the tall *fortifications* fell.
4. He *exulted* with a *mad cry* as they *broke into pieces*.
5. Cheeks never *turned pale* at *enemy* or *sword*.
6. He *rocked* the *strong* light-house; he *shattered* the mast.
7. Where will you find so great a *tyrant*?

XCI.—*THE HAPPY FAMILY.*

AMONG the novel sights which throng the streets of the city of London, for the cheap entertainment of the people, none of them has made a more pleasant impression on my mind than a family circle of different animals and birds, whose deportment is truly an admirable illustration of the reign of peace. The proprietor of this novel menagerie calls it, very appropriately, "The Happy Family."

2. A cage would be too harsh a name for this place of residence, which is almost simple enough to be of their own construction. It is rather a large, square hen-coop, placed on a low handcart, which the man draws about from one street to another, and gets a few pennies a day from those who stop to look at the domestic felicity of his motley family circle.

3. Perhaps the first thing that strikes the eye is a large cat "washing her face," with a dozen large rats nestling under her like so many kittens, whilst others are climbing up her back and playing with her whiskers. In another corner of the room, a dove and hawk are billing and cooing on the head of a dog which is resting across the neck of a rabbit.

4. The floor is covered with the oddest social circles imaginable. Here weasels, and guinea-pigs, and funny, peeping chickens are putting their noses together caressingly. The slats above are covered with birds whose natural antipathies have been subdued into mutual affection by the law of kindness. For instance, a grave old owl is sitting bolt upright, and meditating in the sun, with a twittering, keen-sighted sparrow perched between his cat ears, and trying to open the eyes of the old sage with his sharp bill.

5. I never pass this establishment without stopping to look at the scene it presents. Its teachings are more eloquent than a hundred lectures on peace and universal

brotherhood. I love to see the children stop to look at it, for I know they will carry away a lesson which will do them good; they will think of it on their way to school, and at home too, I hope, when anything crosses their will in the family circle or playground. I could not but wish that this "Happy Family" might be exhibited every morning to all the unhappy human families in the land.

ELIHU BURRITT.



XCII.—*INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.*

I.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

II.

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

III.

Come, then, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

W. C. BENNETT



XCIII.—*THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.*

AN old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted an inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

2. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of *striking*.

3. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

4. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here, and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took

this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

5. The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

6. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Will you now give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

7. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

8. "Very good," replied the dial; "but, recollect that, though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but *one*, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

9. Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, and the pendulum began to swing; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

XCIV.—*LITTLE BELL.*

I.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
 "Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
 What's your name?" quoth he,—
 "What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
 Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."—
 "Little Bell," said she.

II.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
 Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks,—
 "Bonny bird," quoth she,
 "Sing me your best song before I go."
 "Here's the very finest song I know,
 Little Bell," said he.

III.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
 Half so gay a song from any bird,—
 Full of quips and wiles,
 Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
 All for love of that sweet face below,
 Dimpled o'er with smiles.

IV.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
 His full heart freely o'er and o'er

'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

V.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,—
“Little Bell,” piped he.

VI.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern,—
“Squirrel, squirrel, to our task return;
Bring me nuts,” quoth she.
Up away the frisky squirrel hies,—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,—
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

VII.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade,—
“Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!”
Down came squirrel eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share,—
Ah, the merry three!

VIII.

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

IX.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
 Kneelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
 Very calm and clear
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.

X.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
 "That with happy heart beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly?"
 Low and soft, oh, very low and soft
 Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

XI.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
 Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
 Child, thy bed shall be
 Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
 Shall watch around thee, and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

XCV.—STONE BROTH.

A POOR desolate traveller, overtaken by a storm of wind and rain, and oppressed by fatigue and hunger, came by chance to a house of affluence and begged for a little charity, but was repulsed with a surly answer that there was nothing for him. He then begged only to be permitted to dry his clothes and warm himself by the kitchen fire. As this request was for what cost nothing, it was granted.

2. Finding it was not probable that he would get anything in that place, he set his wits to work, and first humbly asked the cook to permit him to have the use of a saucepan and a little clean water, that he might make a dish of stone broth.

3. The oddity of the thought raised the curiosity of the

inmates of the kitchen, who seconded his request. The traveller picked up a stone from the high road, and, washing it perfectly clean, put it into the saucepan of water. He then craved a morsel of salt and a little pepper, and an onion and some scraps which the cook had discarded.

4. Thus he made a very savory mess for himself, to the great amusement of the spectators, who not only let him enjoy his stone broth in peace, but were so well pleased with his ingenuity that they gave him also a dinner; and he departed dry, warm, and well fed.

5. This fable gives an example of the beneficial effects of a little ingenuity when aided by perseverance and activity—how unlike the conduct of those idle fools who drop all endeavor on the first check they receive, and if everything does not answer their silly expectations, quickly cry out that it is useless to make any further efforts.

6. Such is the conduct of the slothful and the shortsighted, who must again and again be reminded that nothing is denied to industry and perseverance, and that nothing is to be got without them.

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

XCVI.—*THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.*

I.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

II.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

III.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.



IV.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

V.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

VI.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

VII.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

VIII.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW.

EXERCISE.

1. Under a *broad* chestnut tree the *blacksmith's shop* stands.
2. The muscles of his *strong* arms are *stout* as iron bands.
3. His *forehead* is *moist* with honest *perspiration*.
4. He looks *everybody* in the face.
5. You can hear him swing his *ponderous hammer*.
6. Something *tried*, something *accomplished*, has earned a night's *rest*.
7. *Laboring—being joyful—grieving—onward* through life he goes.

XCVII.—*OUR EARTH'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS*

PART FIRST.

DO you know what an astronomer is? *Astra* is a Latin word which means stars, and astronomers are men who make it their business to study the stars, and to find out all they can about them.

2. During the long nights, while we are sleeping quietly in our beds, these astronomers sit looking through telescopes and other instruments, and doing terribly hard sums, from the time the evening stars first peep out until the broad flood of daylight drowns them.

3. They are the postmen who bring us news of our brother and sister worlds that float with us round the sun, and of those other far-off suns—or stars, as we call them—which, if we like, we may think of as uncles to our little earth, and fathers to heaps of cousins whom we shall never see, nor know, so long as we live.

4. It is very nice to have a whole family of brothers and sisters. Do you not think so?

5. Even if some of them live so far off or are so small that we can only see them through a telescope, still, it is pleasant to think of them, and to believe that they are all well off, comfortable, and happy in their own way.

6. When on a clear evening you look up into the space above and around you, you see it crowded with thousands of stars, and if the earth on which you stand were transparent, like the air, you would see as many stars beneath your feet as over your head. Almost all of them are true stars—that is, suns shining with their own light, far, far away—but a few, a very few, of them belong to our own family of worlds. They are much nearer to us, and although they shine only with the reflected sunlight, just as our own earth and moon do, they yet look so bright, and so exactly like the stars, that it is not easy, without a proper spy-glass, to tell them apart.

7. Astronomers call these worlds planets, from a Greek

word which means to wander, because they wander or move round the sun, and have also given each of them a name of its own, in order to distinguish them from one another. They all move round the sun in the same direction with our earth; two of them are nearer to the sun than we, and the rest are farther off.

8. Mercury is the name of the little planet which is nearest to the sun. It would take sixteen Mercuries to make a world as large as ours; still, I dare say the people there find it quite big enough, and like it very much. They have a day and night about as long as ours, but their year lasts only for three of our months, so that a little girl ten years of age in our world would be called forty there. We do not know much about the planet Mercury, because it is so near the sun that we are only able to see it sometimes, for a short time, just after sunset or just before sunrise.

9. Next beyond Mercury comes Venus. Venus is twice as far from the sun as Mercury is, but nearer to us than either of the other planets. As it is nearly equal in size to our earth, it appears like a very large, bright, and beautiful star, though not so bright as our earth must look to the good people there, because, since the path of Venus lies between us and the sun, she changes like a little moon, and a large part of her night side is often turned towards us, while we present her with the whole, or nearly the whole, of our broad daylight face.

10. Next to Venus floats our own dear old world, while beyond us, and twice as far from us as Venus, is the planet Mars, about twice the size of Mercury. As Mars, when nearest to us, shows us his sunny side, as we show ours to Venus, we have a fine opportunity for seeing what kind of looking fellow he is. Astronomers have discovered mountains upon his surface, as well as upon Venus and Mercury, and also seas and snow.

11. You are not to suppose that they see the snow as you see it lying upon the ground when you look out of the win-

dow on a winter's day ; for you must know that the distance of Mars is at all times so great that, even through the most powerful telescopes, it is only possible to distinguish very large lights and shadows upon it.

12. It has been noticed that the cold countries of Mars become very bright when they are leaned away from the sun—that is to say, when it is winter with them,—while, during the other half of their year, which is twice as long as ours, when they lean towards the sun and become warmed, this great brightness disappears gradually, so that there is very little doubt of its being caused by snow, which melts away in the summer-time.

13. Worlds in which there are summer and winter, land and water, mountains, air, and clouds from which rain and snow fall, cheerful daylight for work and play, and night for rest, cannot be very different from our own. I think we may feel pretty sure that there are plants there to be nourished by the sunshine, the air, the land, and the water, animals to enjoy all that the sun and the earth give them, and also human beings with minds to understand what is good, beautiful, and true, and hearts to love it.

14. In some respects Mars, more than either of the other planets, appears to resemble our earth, although it is much smaller.



XCVIII.—*OUR EARTH'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS*

PART SECOND.

THE next planet beyond Mars is enormously large—almost fifteen hundred times the size of our world—so that, although it is seven times farther from us than Mars—so far that it would take the railroad cars more than two thousand years to reach there—it is still one of the brightest and most beautiful stars in the sky. This is the planet Jupiter. I dare say you have often had it pointed out to you.

2. Jupiter has four moons, which, although we are not

able to see them excepting by the help of a telescope, give the people there a great deal of light.

3. I have said that Jupiter is the next planet beyond Mars, but that is not exactly so. I must tell you about something very wonderful which is between them. For a long time it was supposed that the great space which separates these two planets was unoccupied, but some astronomers felt so certain that there must be a world there, that they set themselves to look for it, and sure enough, after a great deal of looking, they discovered four small planets just about where they had expected to find one large one.

4. It seemed very strange that, instead of one, there should be four, all about the same distance from the sun, but still stranger that, upon examining them carefully, they should appear not to be round, as all the other planets are, but of an irregular form, like great pieces of rock.

5. Since then a great many smaller fragments have been discovered, and there are doubtless many more which cannot be seen because they are too small, for at that great distance a thing must be pretty large for us to see it, even through the most powerful telescope. These little planets are called Asteroids.

6. There seems only one way of accounting for it, and that is that they are the rough fragments of what was once a world. Only think of it—a great, round, perfect world dashed to pieces by an earthquake or some other terrible power!

7. Far beyond this broken world floats, as I have told you, the great planet Jupiter and his four moons; and, as distant from Jupiter as Jupiter from the sun, is Saturn with its seven moons and its rings, which are also a kind of moon, although certainly a very strange kind.

8. Have you ever seen a picture of Saturn? I had seen a great many such pictures, and yet, when I looked at Saturn itself through a telescope, it was so wonderful and so beautiful that I felt almost as much surprised as if I had not known what to expect.

9. Saturn, so far as we know, is the only planet which has these curious rings, and I will try to describe them to you.

10. If you were to break the middle out of a dinner-plate, so as to have nothing but the rim left, and were to hang an apple by its stem just in the centre of the hole, you would have something like Saturn and his rings, only there are two, some think many, rings, one inside another, like the rims of plates of different sizes.

11. Sometimes the thin edge of the rings is turned toward us, so that they look merely like odd little threads of light projecting out from each side of the planet.

12. At other times Saturn is tilted towards us far enough for us to see the broad side of the rings and part of the space between them and Saturn, with the round, glowing planet in the middle. Oh, then it looks more beautiful than you can imagine, for both planet and rings shine like the brightest moon.

13. Besides these rings, Saturn has seven moons, so there can be no lack of moonlight there, but then, while the rings reflect light on one part of the planet, they cast a strip of shade on another; the sun, too, is at such a great distance from Saturn that it must appear more than a hundred times smaller than it does to us, and must give less than a hundredth part the light. Still, even a sun of that apparent size, so great is its brightness, yields more light than two thousand full moons such as ours.

14. We need not pity those distant brothers of our earth because they are so far from the sun, for the degree of light and heat which any world receives depends a good deal on the quantity and quality of its air, and we may be sure that, in some wise and happy way, Saturn and its inhabitants are just suited to their sunshine, and their sunshine to them.

15. I dare say the little boys and girls there, if they have ever heard of our earth, say, "I wonder the people can bear to live in that world, so near the fiery sun! I should think

they would get burnt up!" and yet, you know, we are very comfortable here, excepting sometimes in the summer we feel rather warm, and even then the snow lies deep on the tops of our mountains, where the air is thin and light.

16. You may imagine that worlds as far from the sun as Jupiter and Saturn can scarcely travel round it as soon as we do, and you will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that Jupiter is twelve of our years on his journey, and that Saturn's year is as long, nearly, as thirty of ours. Their days and nights, however, are short—only about five hours each.

17. I am afraid you are getting tired of planets, but I have not quite done yet, because Saturn is not the last of them.

18. As far away from Saturn as Saturn is from the sun is a world eighty times the size of this earth, and it takes eighty-four of our years to make one of Herschel's. If we were upon this planet, which is called Herschel after the astronomer who discovered it, to our eyes the sun would appear scarcely larger than a star, but we cannot tell how it may look to the people who live there, because we know nothing about them or their eyes.

19. Other planets have been discovered within the last few years, but I believe very little is known concerning them, and I am sure you have heard quite enough about these worlds for the present, and will be glad to run away and talk about something nearer home.

EMILIE GRAHAM.

EXERCISE.

1. The next planet beyond Mars is *monstrously* large.
2. I *suppose* you have often had it *indicated* to you.
3. A great many smaller *pieces* have been *found*.
4. Think of a world *shattered* to pieces by an earthquake or some other *dreadful* power.
5. Sometimes Saturn is *tipped* towards us enough for us to see the *wide* side of the rings.
6. Saturn and its *population* are *adapted* to their sunshine.

XCIX.—*LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

I.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky.
Their giant branches tossed;

II.

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

III.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

IV.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

V.

Amidst the storms they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

VI.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

VII.

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

VIII.

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

IX.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.

X.

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found,
 Freedom to worship God!

MRS. HEMANS.

C.—*THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS.*

PART FIRST.

AN honest farmer had a donkey that had been a faithful servant to him for many years, but was now growing old and unfit for work; his master, therefore, was tired of keeping him, and began to think of rewarding his services by putting him to death.

2. The donkey, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself off slyly, and began his journey towards Bremen, for there, thought he, I may chance to be chosen town musician.

3. After he had traveled a little way, he saw a dog panting by the road-side. "What is the matter with you?" said the donkey. "Alas!" replied the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head because I am grown too old to be useful to him, so I ran away; but what can I do to earn my bread?"

4. "Hark ye," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen, to turn musician; suppose you go with me." The dog said he was willing, and they both went on together.

5. They had not gone far when they saw a cat in the middle of the road, and making a most mournful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the donkey, "what is the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits."

6. "How can I be in good spirits when my life is in danger? Because I am growing old, and would rather lie still than run about the house after the mice, my mistress was going to kill me, if I had not been lucky enough to escape; but I do not know what to live upon."

7. "Oh," said the donkey, "by all means come with us to Bremen; you are a very good singer; in that way we may make our fortune." The cat was pleased with this thought, and joined the party.

8. Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farm-yard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming with all his might. "Bravo!" said the donkey; "upon my word you make noise enough; pray what is all this about?"

9. "Why," said the cock, "I was just saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day; and yet my mistress the cook don't thank me for it, but threatens to cut my head off, to make broth for the guests that are coming on Sunday."

10. "Oh, fie!" said the donkey; "come with us, master chanticleer; it will be better than staying here to have your head cut off: besides, if we sing in tune, who knows but we may get up a concert? so come along with us." "With all my heart," said the cock.

11. They could not reach the town the first day; so when night came they went into a wood to sleep. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a shady tree; the cat climbed up into the branches; the cock, thinking the higher he got up the safer he should be, flew up to the top, and, according to his custom, before going to sleep, he looked out on all sides of him.

12. In doing this he saw a light, and called out to his companions, and said there must be a house at no great distance off, for he could see a light. "If that be the case,"

said the donkey, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world."

13. "Besides," said the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two." So they walked on to where chanticleer had seen the light. As they drew near, it became brighter, till they came close to the house, where a gang of robbers lived.

CI.—*THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS.*

PART SECOND.

THE donkey, being the tallest of them, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, friend," said chanticleer, "what do you see?"

2. "What do I see?" rejoined the donkey: "I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round and making merry." "That will be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Yes," said the donkey, "if we could only get in."

3. So they consulted together how they should get the robbers out. At last they hit upon a plan: the donkey placed himself upright upon his hind legs, with his fore legs against the window; the dog got upon the donkey's back; the cat scrambled upon the dog's shoulders; the cock flew up and stood upon the cat's head.

4. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat squalled, the cock crowed, and they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, among the broken glass, with a terrible clatter.

5. The robbers, who had been not a little frightened at the opening concert, had now no doubt that some horrible hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

6. The coast once cleared, our travelers sat down, and dispatched what the robbers had left with as much eagerness as if they expected not to eat again for a month.

7. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each one sought out a resting-place; the donkey laid himself down on some straw in the yard, the dog stretched himself on a mat behind the door, the cat rolled herself on the hearth by the warm ashes, and the cock perched himself upon a beam on the top of the house, and as they were all very tired, they soon fell asleep.

8. About midnight, when the robbers saw from a distance that the lights were put out, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away. So one of them that was bolder than the rest went to see what was going on.

9. Finding that all was very still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle, and then espying the glittering eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to light it. The cat, not liking this joke, sprung at his face, spit at and scratched him.

10. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but the dog jumped up, yelped at him, and bit his leg; the donkey, only half awake, roused up when he was crossing the yard, grunted out a dismal bray and kicked him; and the cock clapped his wings and crowed with all his might.

11. At this the robber, hardly knowing whether he was alive or dead, ran with speed to his companions, and told the captain that a horned witch had got into the house, and spit at him, and scratched him with her long and bony fingers; that a man had hid himself behind the door, and yelled at him, and stabbed him in the leg; that a black monster stood in the yard and roared a most frightful sound, and struck him with a club; and that another sat upon the top of the house and screamed out, "Throw the rascal up here."

12. After this the robbers never dared go back to the house; but the musicians were so well pleased with their quarters that they took up their abode, and there they probably may be found to this very day.

CII.—*THE SHIP ON FIRE.*

I.

THERE was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam.
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

II.

"Oh, happy!" said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."

III.

Hark! hark! what was that! Hark—hark to the shout—
"Fire! fire!"—then a tramp and a rush and a rout—
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was "Father, have mercy! look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;
Oh, there was her refuge whatever betide!

IV.

Fire! fire! it is raging above and below;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher;
Oh Heaven! it is fearful to perish by fire!
Alone with destruction—alone on the sea!
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee!

V.

They prayed for the light, and at noontide about
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee,
"A sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us,—thank God! we are saved!"

C. MACKAY.

CIII.—THE MONEY PANIC.

Mr. AUBREY, a London banker. Mr. FREELAND, a merchant.

Scene.—A back-room in the banking-house. Mr. AUBREY enters, much agitated.

Aubrey. It is a perfect panic! There has been nothing like it since eighteen twenty-six. The run on the bank was fearful yesterday, and I was glad when the hour of closing arrived. But it was only postponing the crash. Things look worse still to-day. Every man who has a shilling deposited with us rushes to demand it. All confidence is gone; those I thought my friends are as mad as the rest. If I could gain a little time—but no! [*Listens.*] Hear the gold jingling on my counter! It can't last much longer at this rate. Ah! here comes one of them—I mustn't appear disturbed. What can I do for you, sir?

Freeland. I have come to ask a blunt question, for I am a plain man, and I like to come straight to the point.

Aubrey. Well, sir?

Freeland. I hear that you have a run on your bank; is that so?

Aubrey. I see the drift of your question. If you have any money in the bank, present your account to the cashier, and he will pay you at once.

Freeland. I have n't a penny in your hands.

Aubrey. Then may I ask what is your business with me?

Freeland. I wish to know if a small sum will aid you at this crisis.

Aubrey. Why ask that question?

Freeland. Because if it would, I should be glad to pay in a deposit.

Aubrey. Sir!

Freeland. You are no doubt surprised that, when those who know you are hastening to drain your vaults, a stranger should come to pay money in.

Aubrey. I confess it is unusual.

Freeland. Let me explain myself. Do you remember when, some twenty years ago, you lived in Essex?

Aubrey. Perfectly.

Freeland. And perhaps you recollect the turnpike-gate you used to pass every day?

Aubrey. Certainly, I do.

Freeland. My father kept that gate.

Aubrey. Ah, I remember him!

Freeland. And do you remember one Christmas morning, when the gate-keeper was sick, and a little boy opened the gate for you?

Aubrey. I have forgotten the circumstance.

Freeland. Very likely. But I have not. I was that little boy. As you passed, I called out, "A merry Christmas, sir!" You replied, "Thank you, my lad; the same to you, and here's a trifle to make it so." And you threw me a seven-shilling piece.

Aubrey (smiling). Well, I trust you had a merry Christmas!

Freeland. It was the first money I ever had in my life; and that, and the kind smile you gave me with it, made me the happiest boy in the world that day. Well, sir—to cut a long story short—that seven-shilling piece brought me good luck; it was the beginning of—well, sir—a tolerably large fortune for a plain man like me. I have kept sight of you, though I dare say you never gave me a second thought. I got into trade, first in a small way, then in a large way,—and, sir, I consider that I owe all I have to you.

Aubrey. You owe it rather to your own thrift and industry. And I heartily congratulate you!

Freeland. Thank you! But excuse me for insisting—I

owe all to you. Hearing yesterday that there was a run on your bank, I hastily scraped together what I could—a small sum—which is at your service, if it will be of any use to you. Here it is, sir

[Puts a roll of bank-notes into Aubrey's hand.]



Aubrey. But, my dear sir!

Freeland. A small sum, a small sum, sir. You'll really oblige me by keeping it for me a few days. Pardon me for taking so much of your time. I'll call again. Good-day, sir!

[Goes out.]

Aubrey (turns over the bank-notes). Twenty thousand pounds! Thank Heaven, the bank is saved!

CIV.—*THE THREE BELLS.*

Captain Leighton, of the English ship "Three Bells," some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take them off in the storm and darkness, he kept by them till morning, running down often during the night, as near to them as he dared, and shouting to them through his trumpet, "Never fear! Hold on! I'll stand by you!"

I.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

II.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

III.

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

IV.

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells.

V.

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran;

VI.

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry.
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted;
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

VII.

All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear;
 All night from reeling taffrail
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.

VIII.

And when the dreary watches
 Of storm and darkness passed,
 Just as the wreck lurched under,
 All souls were saved at last.

IX.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
 In grateful memory sail!
 Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
 Above the wave and gale!

X.

As thine, in night and tempest.
 I hear the Master's cry,
 And, tossing through the darkness,
 The lights of God draw nigh.

J. G. WHITTIER.



CV.—PICKEREL-FISHING.

THE pickerel is a fish of prey, so to speak. He lives by devouring the small fishes that inhabit the same pond with him. If he cannot get small fishes, frogs will do, or any other small animals that live in ponds of water.

2. What the hawk is among the birds of the air, and the tiger among the beasts of the field, and the shark among the fishes of the sea, the pike and the pickerel are to the frogs and minnows of the fresh-water ponds.

3. The pickerel lies in wait for his prey with as much patience and cunning, seemingly, as a cat watching at the hole of a mouse. He likes ponds and little lakes where

trees hang over the banks, and plants grow in the margin of the water, and rocks, lining the shores, form dark and secluded places of retreat below for him to lurk in while waiting for his prey.

4. In these secluded retreats the fish remains perfectly motionless until his prey gets near enough to him, and then he darts at it with a suddenness and a swiftness that is perfectly astonishing, and seizes and swallows it in a moment.

5. At one time I was walking along the bank of a river with some boys, when suddenly one of them, a boy named Walter, looking down into the water, called out, "Ah! here's a pickerel!"

6. We all went to the place, and there we saw, at a little distance from the shore, down near the side of a stone that was lying there on the bottom of the river, a fish about a foot long, and of a dark but beautiful mottled color. He was of a slender form; his nose was long and pointed, and his sides sloped away to his tail in the most elegant and graceful manner. In fact, he was clipper-built altogether.

7. The boys hastened to the bank at Walter's call, and began to look down eagerly into the river. Some said, "Where is he?" Some said, "Oh, I see him!" Others said, "Hush! don't speak a word." In fact, the boys all talked together, uttering these and many similar exclamations, and pointing with their fingers down into the water.

8. The pickerel took no notice of these things, but remained unmoved—as motionless as if he had been a pickerel of stone. In fact, if he had looked up, I do not suppose that he could have seen the boys on the bank at all; at least, he could not have seen them if he had been a boy. It is a singular fact that though, when a boy is up on the land, he can see quite plainly what is down in the water, yet when he is down in the water he cannot see at all what is up on the land.

9. If, the next time you go into a pond or a river to bathe, you dive to the bottom and then turn your head so

as to look up, you will see nothing but a round bright spot where the light shines down into the water, but you cannot see anything above it distinctly. It must be admitted, however, that the case may be different with the eyes of a pickerel.

10. The boys who stood on the bank looking at the pickerel that I am now describing immediately began to lay plans for catching him. They found, on inquiring, and feeling in all their pockets, that no one of the party had a fishing-line, and as they all thought there would be no time to go and get one, they attempted to make one out of a piece of twine and a pin.

11. They bent the pin into the form of a hook, and fastened it on to the end of the twine. They found a small stone, shaped like a long and slender bean, which they tied on for a sinker, and for bait they took a strip of white rag. They thought that this would look more like a fish than anything else they could obtain. They also cut an elder-bush that grew near by, and, trimming off the branches, they made a fishing-pole of it.

12. All these preparations were made very quickly, for while one boy was doing one thing, the others were doing others, and so the work was accomplished.

13. When all was ready, Walter took the pole and began to let the hook down into the water. He claimed it as his privilege to try to catch the fish, as he had discovered him. Another boy also claimed it, in virtue of his having furnished the twine that the line was made of, and also the pin. But it was finally concluded to let Walter try first.

14. So Walter lowered the line, with the sinker and rag at the end of it, slowly down into the water, not far from the place where the pickerel was lying. The pickerel took no notice, apparently, of this, but remained motionless.

15. The boys all stood together on the bank, silent, or speaking only in whispers, and watching every movement with breathless interest. Walter, by moving the pole,

gradually brought the rag nearer to the fish. Presently the boys saw that the fish began to move.

16. "There! there!" they exclaimed in eager whispers. "Hold still, Walter! He is moving. Hold perfectly still!"

Walter said nothing, but held the pole perfectly still.

17. The fish was soon seen to be turning himself gradually round, so as to get a better view of his supposed prey. The movement was extremely slow—you can scarcely conceive how slow. You see the rag was a little on one side of him, and he, supposing that it was a small fish, was turning so as to get a better chance to dart at it without frightening it away.

18. The pickerel moved slowly round in this way, until he was aimed directly towards the bait.

"Pull it along a little through the water, Wally," said one of the boys, in a whisper; "just the least mite, to make him think it is a live fish swimming away."

"Yes," said another boy.

19. So Walter began to move the top of the pole a little, and the movement which he thus made was communicated through the line to the rag. The instant, however, that the rag began to stir—whisk! like a flash the pickerel darted at the prey, just touched it with his nose, and then, turning a sharp angle, he shot off through the water as swift as an arrow, out into the middle of the river, and disappeared.

20. The movement of the pickerel when he came to take the spring was so instantaneous that the smaller boys on the bank could not follow it. It seemed to them that the fish did not go away anywhere, but that he suddenly vanished where he was. Those that had followed his motions looked off into the dark obscurities of the water towards the middle of the river with an expression of great disappointment in their faces.

21. "He's gone," said Walter.

"Like a flash," said another boy.

"He knew it was nothing but a rag," said a third, "just as quick as he touched it."

22. During all this time I had been seated quietly on the bank, looking on. I watched the proceedings with considerable interest, though I took no active part in them. When it was ascertained that the pickerel was really gone, I rose, and we all then went on together, continuing our walk on the bank of the stream.

23. I went as usual, walking quietly along the path which formed the margin of the meadow towards the river. The boys, however, all walked sideways, keeping their eyes fixed on the water, and exploring the depths of it very carefully as they advanced, in hopes to see another fish; but they did not see any more.

24. I have related this incident for the purpose of showing you exactly what sort of a fish a pickerel is. It is not always, however, that the pickerel, in attempting to seize his prey, moves towards it at first with a slow motion. If the little fish or the frog is going rapidly by, he darts out upon him at once, so as to seize him before he gets too far away. In consequence of this it is that there are two ways of managing the bait in fishing for this kind of fish.

25. You may let the bait down quietly into deep water, and let it remain there, still; and then, by and by, a pickerel, coming along, will creep up, as it were, very slowly to it, until he gets near enough to spring, and then he will dart forward and seize it. In this case he thinks, I suppose, that the fish is lying quietly in the water to rest.

26. Or you may drag your bait rapidly through the water by a succession of jerks and twitches, in order to imitate the movement of a fish swimming along. The pickerel will then dart at it, seize it with great fury, and attempt to swim away with it as fast as he can go. Then all you have to do is to pull the line in, and you find, perhaps, a pickerel eight inches or a foot long on the end of it.

JACOB ABBOTT.



CVI.—*IN SWANAGE BAY.*

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

I.

“’T WAS five and forty years ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn;
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
As sure as you were born.

II.

“My tale’s all true, young gentlemen,”
The fond old boatman cried
Unto the sullen, angry lads,
Who vain obedience tried;
“Mind what your father says to you
And don’t go out this tide.

III.

“Just such a shiny sea as this,
Smooth as a pond, you’d say,
And white gulls flying, and the crafts
Down channel making way;
And Isle of Wight, all glittering bright,
Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

IV.

“The Battery point, the Race beyond,
Just as to-day you see;
And here upon this very stone
Sat Dick and Dolly with me;
She was our little sister, sirs,
A small child, just turned three.

V.

And Dick was very fond of her;
Though a big lad and bold,
He’d carry her like any nurse,
Almost from birth, I’m told;
For mother sickened soon, and died,
When Dolly was eight months old.

VI.

"We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name the 'Tricksy Jane,'
A queer old tub laid up ashore,
But we could see her plain;
To see her and not haul her up
Cost us a deal of pain.

VII.

"Said Dick to me, 'Let's have a pull,
Father will never know;
He's busy in his wheat up there,
And cannot see us go:
These landsmen are such cowards, if
A puff of wind does blow.

VIII.

"I've been to France and back three times—
Who knows best, I or he,
Whether a craft's seaworthy or not?—
'Dolly, wilt go to sea?'
And Dolly laughed, and hugged him tight,
As pleased as she could be.

IX.

"I don't mean, sirs, to blame poor Dick.
What he did, sure I'd do:
And many a sail in 'Tricksy Jane'
We'd had when she was new.
Father was always sharp; and what
He said, he meant it too.

X.

"But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass;
Our Dick could manage any boat,
As neat as ever was;
And Dolly crowed, 'Me go to sea!'
The jolly little lass!

XI.

“Well, sirs, we went; a pair of oars,
My jacket for a sail;
Just round ‘Old Harry and his Wife’—
Those rocks there, within hail—
And we came back.—D’ye want to hear
The end o’ the old man’s tale?

XII.

“Ay, ay, we came back, past that point,
But then a breeze upsprung;
Dick shouted, ‘Hoy! down sail!’ and pulled
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

XIII.

“I pulled too; I was blind with fear—
But I could hear Dick’s breath
Coming and going, as he told
Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so:
We rowed for life or death,

XIV.

“We almost reached the sheltered bay,
We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty here,
His sickle in his hand—
The houses white, the yellow fields,
The safe and pleasant land.

XV.

“And Dick, though pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me,
‘We’re all right now, old lad!’ when up
A wave rolled—drenched us three—
One lurch—and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

XVI.

"I don't remember much but that—
 You see I'm safe and sound;
 I have been wrecked four times since then,
 Seen queer sights, I'll be bound:
 I think folks sleep beneath the deep,
 As calm as under ground."

XVII.

"But Dick and Dolly?" "Well, poor Dick!
 I saw him rise and cling
 Unto the gunwale of the boat—
 Floating keel up—and sing
 Out loud, 'Where's Dolly?'—I hear him yet,
 As clear as anything."

XVIII.

"'Where's Dolly?' I no answer made;
 For she dropped like a stone
 Down through the deep sea—and it closed:
 The little thing was gone.
 'Where's Dolly?' three times—then Dick loosed hold,
 And left me there alone."

* * * * *

XIX.

"It's five and forty year since then,"
 Muttered the boatman gray,
 And drew his rough hand o'er his eyes,
 And stared across the bay;
 "Just five and forty year!" and not
 Another word did say."

XX.

"But Dolly?" ask the children all,
 As they about him stand;—
 "Poor Dolly floated back next tide
 With seaweed in her hand.
 She's buried o'er that hill you see
 In a churchyard on land."

XXI.

“But where Dick lies, God knows! He’ll find
 Our Dick at judgment day.”
 The boatman fell to mending nets,
 The boys ran off to play;
 And the sun shone and the waves danced
 In quiet Swanage Bay.

D. M. MULOCK

CVII.—ON THE MEXICAN WAR.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE U. S. SENATE, FEBRUARY, 1847.

WE have already ample territory in our hands, and more than sufficient to effect all the objects of the war. If, then, it is for neither one nor the other of these objects, I ask why shall offensive operations be carried on? There is but one answer to that: it is to obtain peace; or, to use the language most commonly employed—to conquer peace. How is peace to be obtained or peace to be conquered? It can only be by treaty. War may be made by one nation—peace is always made by two.

2. The object, then, is to get a treaty. What kind of a treaty? A treaty that will suit Mexico? You can get that at any time. No! You want a treaty to suit us. And what is that? Why, sir, a treaty that we shall dictate, compel Mexico to sign, and which shall secure to us the ends for which this war was declared.

3. And what were these ends? I have already enumerated them. The establishment of the Del Norte as the boundary, and ample acquisition for indemnity. The whole object of the war, then, is this—to compel Mexico to acknowledge that to be ours which we already hold in possession, and which we can hold, despite of her, with almost no sacrifice.

4. That is it, twist it and turn it as you please; neither more nor less can be made of it—that is the whole object of what they call a vigorous war of offense. I repeat it. It is to compel Mexico to acknowledge that to be ours which we now hold, and hold in spite of her. *A*

5. Now, in this aspect of the question, I put it home to the Senate—is it worth while to pursue a war of that description vigorously? Suppose it a matter of perfect certainty that you could reach the city of Mexico this very campaign, and beat them into a treaty of peace in the city of Mexico, what would be your sacrifice?

6. The army you propose to raise is seventy thousand men; the expense, thirty millions of dollars—much more likely thirty or forty millions. Suppose you have fifty thousand men in the field; suppose the campaign is as successful as possible—what is the state of things at its close? You have sacrificed, in the first place, thirty millions of dollars to get possession of the city of Mexico, in which to dictate this peace, and you have lost how many lives of our people?

7. Sir, based upon the calculation of the last campaign, which was comparatively in a healthy country, one-third is to be put down as falling by the sword, or, worse than the sword, the pestilence of the country. Something like sixteen thousand men are to be set down as sacrificed in this campaign. I put it home to Senators now—is it worth while to sacrifice even thirty millions of dollars, or fifteen thousand men, for the purpose of getting Mexico to acknowledge that to be ours which is already ours?

8. I put a graver question, and I appeal to the conscience of every man here—can we, with any regard to the opinions and judgment of a Christian people, pursue that war which must end in such a result? Is there any man here who will give the lives of sixteen thousand of our people, or thirty millions of dollars? No, sir! there is not one; and yet we propose to pursue a war which, if it terminate in one campaign, will produce that result, in all probability.

9. I hold this war to have been, in the first instance, a great departure from the true line of policy which, as I have again and again said, is peace. It is ours to grow, and not to add by conquest.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.



CVIII.—*EVENING AT THE FARM.*

I.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
 His shadow lengthens along the land,
 A giant staff in a giant hand;
 In the poplar tree, above the spring,
 The katy-did begins to sing;

The early dews are falling;—
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
 The swallows skim the river's brink;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

II.

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling,
 "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

III.

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
 Singing, calling,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



CIX.—COMPOSITION.

THE skill to write a *good* letter is one of the most useful accomplishments any person can possess; and if a little study of the art of composition led any particular boy or girl to nothing more in the world than the power to write common letters of business or friendship very well indeed, all the trouble of the study would have been well paid for.

2. But, besides this, it is impossible for any one to tell what duties or difficulties may be in store for him, or how glad he may some day be to be able to express himself skilfully and powerfully for a particular purpose. In our dealings with our friends and relatives, it is often of the very utmost consequence to be able to express our meaning powerfully as well as correctly.

3. Nothing can be more correct, as far as it goes, than a Chinese picture. But see how immensely it gains when you add perspective to it! Now it is really a part of Truthfulness to show our friends the perspective, the light and shade of our thoughts and feelings, as well as the outline of them. And how many parents, at this hour, would gladly pay a high price, if money could buy it, for the skill to explain things better to their children!

4. This point I very specially beg young readers to notice. In learning how to arrange their thoughts and words, they will, in fact, be getting up a sort of second memory, and doubling, or much more than doubling, their power of learning things. A great deal of the process by which those people learn things who seem to suck in knowledge as a sponge does water, is really a kind of seeing into the uses to which other well-taught people put the art of Composition.

5. Let us add that the study of Composition tends greatly to strengthen the memory of words. Now, some people are very fond of running down the memory of words; but it is most unwise of them. For, as all knowledge can be

put into words, to remember words may be to know everything—supposing the meaning of the words to be known.

6. There is one very important way in which a good and cultivated memory of words may help you; it enables you to carry away, *in* the words, things which you do not at the time understand, as well as those which you do. And then you can clear up the difficulty at another time, because you remember exactly what was said or written.

7. I will tell you a story which I read when I was a child. The tale itself is one that you might find in a dozen places, and may be what is called “classical,” for anything I know.

8. It was just as I was getting better of an illness, and the story made me laugh so loud that my mother came tearing up-stairs to my bedside to see what was the matter; all I could do, laughing still, being to point to the passage in the open book.

9. It does not make me laugh *now*, because my mind has got accustomed to the absurdities of the mayor; but it is a good lesson in composition. The words of it have long ago passed from me, but here are the incidents.

10. The town of Falaise was dangerously dark at night. The mayor issued an edict that every citizen should every evening hang outside of his door a lantern. The edict was obeyed; but the streets were no lighter.

11. Then the mayor of Falaise bethought him, and in a great rage issued another edict, commanding every citizen to hang out at his door every evening a lantern with a candle in it. This edict was also obeyed, but the streets of Falaise were no lighter for it.

12. And now the mayor, in a still greater rage, issued a third edict, commanding every citizen to hang out of his door each night a lantern with a *lighted* candle in it. And there was light after sundown in the streets of Falaise.

13. But even the third edict was not complete, though it is as far as the story went—for the citizens might have *hung out* the luminous lanterns, and then taken them in again

directly. So that the edict ought to have told them to keep their lanterns alight all through the dark.

14. However, it is clear that the mayor of Falaise had never learnt the art of expressing his meaning. May his melancholy failures be a lesson to you and me!

MATTHEW BROWNE.

CX.—*WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.*

I.

KING of England,
 Petitioning for pity is most weak—
 The sovereign people ought to demand justice.
 I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
 Because his ministers have made him odious!
 His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.

II.

Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
 To force upon the French a king they hate;
 Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
 Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest peasant,
 Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?

III.

Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
 But to support your court's extravagance,
 And your mad title to the crown of France?
 Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
 Petitioning for pity? King of England,
 Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
 Deprived of every privilege of man?
 Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
 And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?

IV.

You sit at ease in your gay palaces:
 The costly banquet courts your appetite;
 Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
 Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,

And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night-wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!

V.

The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit—what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight—you profit at your ease.

VI.

Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of England!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CXI.—*THANKSGIVING DINNER AT
PLUMFIELD.*

THANKSGIVING was always kept at Plumfield Home School in the good old-fashioned way, and nothing was allowed to interfere with it. For days beforehand the little girls helped Asia and Mrs. Jo in storeroom and kitchen, making pies and puddings, sorting fruit, dusting dishes, and being very busy and immensely important. The boys hovered on the outskirts of the forbidden ground, sniffing the savory odors, peeping in at the mysterious performances, and occasionally being permitted to taste some delicacy in the process of preparation.

2. When at last the day came, the boys went off for a long walk, that they might have good appetites for dinner;

as if they ever needed them! The girls remained at home to help set the table, and give last touches to various affairs which filled their busy little souls with anxiety.

3. The boys came trooping home with appetites that would have made the big turkey tremble if it had not been past all fear. They retired to dress; and for half an hour there was a washing, brushing, and prinking that would have done any tidy woman's heart good to see. When the bell rang, a troop of fresh-faced lads with shiny hair, clean collars, and Sunday jackets on, filed into the dining-room, where Mrs. Jo sat at the head of the table, "looking splendid," as the boys said.

4. Nearly every one had contributed to the feast, so the dinner was a peculiarly interesting one to the eaters of it, who beguiled the pauses by remarks on their own productions.

5. "If these are not good potatoes I never saw any," observed Jack, as he received his fourth big mealy one.

6. "Some of my herbs are in the stuffing of the turkey, that's why it's so nice," said Nan, taking a mouthful with intense satisfaction.

7. "My ducks are prime any way; Asia said she never cooked such fat ones," added Tommy.

8. "Well, our carrots are beautiful, and our parsnips will be ever so good when we dig them," put in Dick, and Dolly murmured his assent from behind the bone he was picking.

9. "I helped make the pies with my pumpkins," called out Robby, with a laugh which he stopped by retiring into his mug.

10. "I picked some of the apples that the cider is made of," said Demi.

11. "I raked the cranberries for the sauce," cried Nat.

12. "I got the nuts," added Dan; and so it went all round the table.

13. "Who made up Thanksgiving?" asked Rob; for being lately promoted to jacket and trousers, he felt a new and manly interest in the institutions of his country.

14. "See who can answer that question;" and Mr. Baer nodded to one or two of his best history boys.

15. "I know," said Demi; "the Pilgrims made it."

16. "What for?" asked Rob, without waiting to learn who the Pilgrims were.

17. "I forget;" and Demi subsided.

18. "I believe it was because they were not starved once, and so, when they had a good harvest, they said, 'We will thank God for it,' and they had a day and called it Thanksgiving," said Dan, who liked the story of the brave men who suffered so nobly for their faith.

19. "Good! I didn't think you would remember anything but natural history;" and Mr. Baer tapped gently on the table as applause for his pupil.

20. Dan looked pleased; and Mrs. Jo said to her son, "Now, do you understand about it, Robby?"

21. "No, I don't. I thought pilgrims were a sort of big bird that lived on rocks, and I saw pictures of them in Demi's book."

22. "He means penguins. Oh, isn't he a little goosey!" and Demi lay back in his chair and laughed aloud.

23. "Don't laugh at him, but tell him all about it if you can," said Mrs. Baer, consoling Rob with more cranberry-sauce for the general smile that went round the table at his mistake.

24. "Well, I will;" and, after a pause to collect his ideas, Demi delivered the following sketch of the Pilgrim Fathers, which would have made even those grave gentlemen smile if they could have heard it.

25. "You see, Rob, some of the people in England did n't like the king, or something, so they got into ships and sailed away to this country. It was full of Indians, and bears, and wild creatures, and they lived in forts, and had a dreadful time."

26. "The bears?" asked Robby with interest.

27. "No; the Pilgrims, because the Indians troubled them. They had n't enough to eat, and they went to church with

guns, and ever so many died, and they got out of the ships on a rock, and it's called Plymouth Rock, and Aunt Jo saw it and touched it. The Pilgrims killed all the Indians and got rich, and hung the witches, and were very good; and some of my greatest-great-grandpas came in the ships. One was the Mayflower; and they made Thanksgiving, and we have it always, and I like it. Some more turkey, please."

28. "I think Demi will be a historian, there is such order and clearness in his account of events;" and Uncle Fritz's eyes laughed at Aunt Jo as he helped the descendant of the Pilgrims to his third bit of turkey.

29. "I thought you must eat as much as ever you could on Thanksgiving. But Franz says you mustn't even then;" and Stuffy looked as if he had received bad news.

30. "Franz is right; so mind your knife and fork and be moderate, or else you won't be able to help in the games by and by," said Mrs. Jo.

31. "I'll be careful; but everybody does eat lots, and I like it better than being moderate," said Stuffy, who leaned to the popular belief that Thanksgiving must be kept by coming as near apoplexy as possible, and escaping with merely a fit of indigestion or a headache.

32. "Now, my 'pilgrims,' amuse yourselves quietly till tea-time, for you will have enough excitement this evening," said Mrs. Jo, as they arose from the table after a protracted sitting.

33. "I think I will take the whole flock for a drive, it is so pleasant; then you can rest, my dear, or you will be worn out this evening," added Mr. Baer; and as soon as coats and hats could be put on, the great omnibus was packed full, and away they went for a long gay drive, leaving Mrs. Jo to rest and finish sundry small affairs in peace.

L. M. ALCOTT.

CXII.—*LONGING FOR HOME.*

I.

A SONG of a boat:—
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

IV.

A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow:
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
Oh, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—

Ah me!

JEAN INGELow.



CXIII.—*BUNKER HILL MONUMENT—
WHAT GOOD?*

I AM asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, What good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should, therefore, like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

2. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

3. Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer: Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich.

4. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end; gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one.

5. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

6. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

7. There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good

actions—and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good—which flow from them.

8. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments—sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order.

9. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to cherish, animate, and strengthen such feelings, does as much right-down practical good as filling low grounds and building railroads.

EDWARD EVERETT.

CXIV.—*PSALM OF PRAISE.*

ALL.

PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

FIRST VOICE.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

SECOND VOICE.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

ALL.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

THIRD VOICE.

The Lord lifteth up the meek:
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.

ALL.

Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

FOURTH VOICE.

Who covereth the heavens with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

FIFTH VOICE.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens
which cry.

SIXTH VOICE.

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that
hope in his mercy.

ALL.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion,
For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath
blessed thy children within thee.

SEVENTH VOICE.

He maketh peace in thy borders,
And filleth thee with the finest of wheat.

EIGHTH VOICE.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon the earth;
His word runneth very swiftly.

NINTH VOICE.

He giveth snow like wool:
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

ALL.

Praise ye the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heaven of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord.

TENTH VOICE.

Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire and hail; snow and vapor;
Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains and hills;
Fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things, and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people;
Princes, and all judges of the earth:
Both young men and maidens,
Old men and children.

ALL.

Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land.
Oh, come, let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.
For he is our God;
And we are the people of his pasture
And the sheep of his hand.

PS. CXLVII., CXLVIII., XCIV

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